SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Literary Diplomats

THE Washington *Post* in a recent editorial commenting upon the Spanish American number of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* called attention anew to the service that can be rendered to the cause of internationalism by literature. The fact, of course, is past discussing, but it is one upon which there cannot be too much insistence. Literature, especially in this country where education is the privilege of the many, can more directly and more insistently than any force but journalism shape popular conceptions and interpret alien points of view. And curiously enough, when it comes to so molding opinion, fiction and *belles lettres* are of equal if not greater worth with description and history.

For they are the mind and soul of a people in its most intimate moods, in that complex of purposes and contradictions which circumstance clarifies into action and time crystallizes into national genius. They project nations as aggregations of individuals, whereas history perforce presents them as units of mass. And they reflect peoples in their hesitations and longings, their regrets and self-scorn, where [illegible] by the very nature of the case is forced to [illegible] into relief moments of fulfilment. Hence the tendency of history is to emphasize the [illegible]cal and the distinctive in national annals that of literature is to reveal the commonalty of human experience. And we all know that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

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It would be interesting to speculate how much Napoleon's famous "scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar" has been offset in recent years by the impression of Russian character and temperament which the popularity of Russian novels has produced. Certain it is that among those classes to whom Russian fiction has of late become familiar there exists a sympathy for the Russian people which the mere chronicle of Russian annals would have been little likely to induce. The pathos of the inarticulate Russian peasant, the mystical quality of Russian thought,—these not the historians but the novelists have conveyed. And Russia has been fortunate in her translators, in having secured for her works of literature a Constance Garnett to convert them into English, a Turgeniev to turn his own novels into French.

Translators have had too little ability and too little honor among us, and the loss is not only literature's but internationalism's as well, for translations are the ideal medium for making peoples known to one another. In them no outsider is interpreting an alien psychology and philosophy of life, reading his own standards and preconceptions into them, but a foreign culture is expressing itself with all the raciness of its nature. The wistfulness, the eagerness, the exultance of a people speak in its poetry, the habit and temper of its mind in its essays, and its manners and modes in its novels. There is the foreigner at first hand, as he is, as he sees himself, as he would be.

What is important in bringing nations together is not that they should think alike, but that they should understand the grounds of one another's differences. So long as the Anglo-Saxon applies to the Frenchman's manner of living his own code of morals so long will his measure of the nation be inaccurate; it is only in the light of the Frenchman's own code that true appreciation can be gained. Whether the Anglo-Saxon like or approve the Frenchman's code is not the major issue. What is to the point is that he should realize that the Frenchman is proceeding on one assumption and he on another, and that the divergence of their views makes right for one nation what is disapproved by the other without necessarily implying any difference of worth between them. Literature is fortunate in having to its hand in fiction a means to discovering to the general public the very cast and character of foreign living. It should use it to the utmost, but if it is to use it successfully it must come to a realization of the fact that translation is not a matter to be taken lightly, but a literary labor that demands the highest abilities. If we hold our translators not as we now do as literary hacks, but in high regard as we do our diplomats, perhaps we may attract into the service some of our best talent.

Anachronism

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

SHE is a portrait to the life
Of one who occupied a chair
Designed and made by Duncan Pfyfe;
Of one who fitted there.

Hers is the eighteenth century grace
Of doing nothing, sitting still
Or working on a bit of lace
As if by act of will.

She has that beauty of repose
Which few of us dare ask for now.
Where it has gone God only knows,
Though all of us know how.

This Week

"Serena Blandish." Reviewed by *Christopher Morley.*

"Franklin Winslow Kane." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"William Graham Sumner." Reviewed by *Philip Coan.*

"The Greater Revelation." Reviewed by *Theodore A. Miller.*

The Bowling Green.

Next Week, or Later

On the Art of Fiction. By *Anne Douglas Sedgwick.*

"Pioneers of Science." By *Sir Oliver Lodge.*

"Edward Everett." Reviewed by *M. A. De Wolfe Howe.*

"Thunderstorm." Reviewed by *A. Hamilton Gibbs.*

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The Deathless Classics

By PAUL SHOREY

IT is understood that Greek and Latin are dead. The schools of Education, the World War, and the vogue of Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw have given the *coup de grâce* to the waning classics. But we can not let them lie quietly inurned. Perhaps it is because as Lord Dunsany says in his introduction to the poems of Francis Ledwidge "If ever an age needed beautiful songs our age needs them." Lord Dunsany is a modernist and he is thinking not of the classics but of Ledwidge's pretty rustic lyrics. He has probably no conception of the quenchless laughter of the true gods at his condescending concession, "One feels that the Greeks are of some use after all to have inspired with the help of their sheep so lovely a poem as 'The Sheep Are Coming Home in Greece.'" Or is this irony and British understatement?—litotes the wise call it. In any case, paradoxical as it may seem to Lord Dunsany and the schools of Education, we are living in a classical renaissance of sorts. It has not yet appreciably affected the proofreading of Greek accents or the undergraduate's incertitudes about the verbs in *mi*. But there are nearly a million nominal students of Latin in the country, the college classes in beginning Greek are increasing, and never did the presses of England, France, Germany, Italy, and America teem with so many texts, exegeses, versions, volumes of selections in the original and translation, histories, summaries, new series, and essays on the Greek genius, the spirit of the classics, the contribution of Greece, the achievement of Greece, the records of Hellenic civilization, the legacy of Greece, the glory that was Greece, our inheritance from the ancients, our debt to Greece and Rome. Editors, as the present reviewer can testify, are swamped by the flood, and are at their wits' end to find reviewers who will do brief justice to the authors and publishers of these productions without wearying the public with pedantry or encroaching on space more profitably reserved for scrofulous and erotic best sellers, disquisitions on the League of Nations, and accounts of the latest applications of statistical, ephialtic, or scatological psychology to the criticism of life and letters and the mobilization of the mid-brain.

One such editor has sent me a bundle of recent classical books with the request that I take them for the text of an article about the classics. It can not be done except in the irresponsible fashion of the old quarterly reviewers who began with a haphazard list of any books they could think of on their general theme, and then said what occurred to them. The only unity that the present reviewer can impose on such miscellany is the unity of his own opinions and tastes and of a life-long interest in the subject.

Professor A. T. Murray's translation* in the Loeb series of the first twelve books of the Iliad appropriately heads the list. For Homer is in Tennyson's phrase the Ionian father of the rest, or as Quintilian put it, like his own ocean the fountain head of all the streams and rivers. It is but a year since I wrote an article on the invaluable Loeb series which I need not repeat. Of Professor A. T. Murray's work it is only necessary to say that he has humanly speaking realized his ideal "to make use of a diction that while elevated is not stilted." He translates Homer rather in the manner of Andrew Lang than in that in which Samuel Butler butchered the lovely lines of the Odyssey on Nepenthe hallowed by Miltonic associations, and so

* The Iliad, Books I-XII. Translated by A. T. Murray. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $2.50 each.

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betrayed his insensitiveness to poetry, his deafness and blindness to holy things. All unspoiled imaginative children prefer for this purpose a prose tinctured with Biblical and "Morte d'Arthur" diction and only those who have been told by doctrinaire teachers that it is unnatural and that sincere poetry must use the loose-lipped lingo of the street will think that they dislike it. Of Homer himself there is nothing more to say here unless it be to rejoice in one more sign of the approaching overthrow of the disentegrating higher criticism. For this Arnold "On Translating Homer" sufficed for those who could read between the lines. Andrew Lang's lively but not really superficial volumes still remain an arsenal of arguments which are taken seriously when they come back to us from the more recent German Unitarians. Professor Scott has carried the war again into the enemies' territory and destroyed forever our naïve trust in the unverifiable statistics of the German Homerids. The present reviewer has got the true gospel into two or three encyclopædias and numerous reviews. And now Professor A. T. Murray preaches it succinctly and convincingly in the preface to the Loeb translation. The victory is won, and neither the sophistries of Professor Willamowitz nor the charm of Professor Gilbert Murray can reverse it. Nobody can prove that one poet Homer wrote the Iliad and the Odyssey. But every attempt to disprove it breaks down and discredits the scholarship of its author. This places the burden of proof where it belongs and leaves the reader of the translation free to trust his own unsophisticated impressions.

* * *

A gulf yawns between Homer and Aristophanes, yet one not altogether unabridgeable by the Greek genius. Homer's lyre has all the strings. There are Aristophanic touches even in the Iliad. And as in Aristophanes they are sometimes found in almost disconcerting proximity to exquisite poetry. Mr. Lowes Dickinson eloquently praises the poetic beauty of the passage in the twenty-third Iliad where light-foot Iris summons the winds from the halls of Æolus to fan the funeral pyre of Patroclus. But he does not or perhaps will not see that in one part of Homer's description Iris is already almost the saucy soubrette whom Peisthetairus arrests for flying about in other people's chaos, and who threatens him with the vengeance of her father in more than Æschylean mock-heroics. The Homeric Iris turns up at the threshold of the dining-hall of Æolus, and each of the lusty lads, his sons, calls to her to come and sit by him. And she replies in effect (Mr. Lowes Dickinson will say that I am as brutal as Samuel Butler himself, but I am only slightly overstressing a nuance which he neglects), she replies in effect "No seat for me, boys. I have a date with the Ethiopians."

The Loeb editors were both fortunate and judicious in securing for reprint in their series Rogers's masterly translation of Aristophanes.* It is far better than any version they could probably have got made to order, and in these three accessible volumes with the notes intelligently abbreviated to the indispensable it will give pleasure to many readers who could not procure the expensive original edition, and will serve as a needful correction or qualification of the somewhat unrelieved idealism of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's and Mr. Livingstone's views of the Greek view of life. Aristophanes, as Lowell said, is nearer to us than Molière and intelligently read is always up to date. The only adequate translation is a *viva voce* interpretation which needs revision every lustrum. But Rogers is and will probably long remain the best printable version in any language.

Four hundred years more bring us to Lucretius's stately poem on the nature of things. Many good judges from Montaigne to Edward Fitzgerald and, more recently, Mr. Aldington rate Lucretius above Vergil, and spokesmen of modern science Tyndall, Huxley, Doctor Osler, exalt him above all classical writers as the one ancient representative of a truly scientific view of the world. It is tempting but would be idle to argue again that though Lucretius may be the greater poetical force and the more original imaginative genius the secure and secular judgment of Europe abides that the Æneid is a better poem than the De Rerum Natura, and it would be labor lost to explain to our scientific colleagues that though Lucretius has expressed the cosmic emotion and the poetry of science more convincingly than Mathilde Blind or Lecomte de Lisle or any other modern poet his own science fell below the level of the culture of his Ciceronian age, not to speak of the scholarly Platonic and Aristotelian tradition. There is no lack of prose and verse translations of Lucretius into English and other languages from Creech to Leonard and Diels. But a new one was needed for the Loeb series and Mr. Rouse* has done it admirably. His English is perhaps a little more natural, idiomatic, and Saxon than that of Monroe's standard version. The succinct introduction contains a lucid and helpful comparison of the Lucretian and the twentieth century atom, but says nothing of the poetry and the literary art of Lucretius.

Another way of approach to the classics is through comparative literature and a study of the influence of some aspect or author of antiquity. Zielinski's "Cicero Through the Ages" is one of the earliest and best examples. I gave some illustrations in the notes to an edition of Horace's Odes and sketched the history of the subject down to 1900 in a paper presented to the St. Louis World's Congress. In the past twenty-five years dissertations, monographs, and series have multiplied—English Literature and the Classics, Oxford, 1912; The Legacy of Greece, the German series, Das Erbe der Alten, and the series Our Debt to Greece and Rome now in course of publication by the Marshall Jones Company. These readable and attractive little volumes will recall to the generations that were undergraduates in the 'Seventies the not less readable if less scholarly twenty volumes of so of the Blackwood's Ancient Classics. The present series though favorably received by the public is sometimes a little captiously treated by scholarly reviewers on the one hand and by those whom the smart set has been taught to call critics of "beautiful letters" on the other. The one want more erudition and the other more inspiration and originality than is compatible with the scope and limitation of the series. The competent writers to whom this series have been entrusted have generally been successful in steering a middle course, and captious censors should first ask themselves how they could solve the problem. Or do they mean, as some even say, that the thing was not worth doing at all? That *sub specie æternitatis* could plausibly be said of most modern book-making and perhaps of all but a few of the world's supreme books.

Of the four or five volumes now before us Professor R. M. Wenley's "Stoics" is a skilful and well-proportioned study of the system of ethical philosophy and religion that from Aristotle to the Neo-Platonists met the spiritual needs of a majority of the most earnest if not the finest Greek and Roman minds. Professor A. E. Taylor's "Platonism and Its Influence" is an equally readable but perhaps somewhat thinner presentation of a subject altogether too vast for one of these little volumes. Professor A. M. Brook's "Architecture" presents the genius, spirit, and inspiration for the modern artist of Greek architecture with the indispensable minimum of technicality. Miss Jane Harrison's "Mythology" will please those who like that sort of thing by clothing what should be a literary subject in the latest garb of pseudo-science. Professor Hyde's "Greek Religion" after one sensible and well-written introductory chapter concerns itself mainly with, what again will be liked by those who like that sort of thing, supposed survivals of Greek mythology in modern Greek folklore. The volume that best meets the present reviewer's conception of such a series is "Sappho and Her Influence," by Professor David Robinson, one of the general editors. The volume is enlarged by the aid of a special subsidy to 272 pages. It gives in addition to a sufficient survey of Sappho's life and writings (including the new papyri finds) with many specimen translations of the poems a consecutive and fairly complete account of the study and imitation of Sappho and allusions to her writings in ancient, and in modern Italian, French, German, English, and American literature. There is an appendix of twenty-four well chosen full-page illustrations taken from vases, coins, papyri, sculptures, and pictures.

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After the translators and students of comparative literature come the generalizers about the Greek genius and its likeness or unlikeness to the modern spirit of whom Mr. Lowes Dickinson may be taken as the type. Mr. Dickinson is intelligent, scholarly refined, and a master of a direct, charming, and lucid style. American reviewers praise him without reserves. They do not perceive or remember the hostility to America that describes American classicists as stigmatizing a scholar who reads Dante as a dilettante, and the unscrupulousness of the radical propaganda that when England was at war invited a Chicago gallery to laugh at the friendship of England and England's chief ally. And only the naiveté of Mr. Bryan detected and deprecated the unreality of the idealistic rhetoric that in the "Letters of a Chinese Official" seemed to exalt the civilization of China above our own. Of these drawbacks only the last concerns the reader of Mr. Dickinson's most successful book, "The Greek View of Life,"* now in its seventh edition, and the idealization of Greek life and thought there hardly exceeds the measure permitted to a Hellenist who feels the inadequacy of didactic prose to do justice to his more intimate apprehensions. The book on the whole is admirably conceived and executed. It deserves its success and remains among multiplying competitors the best of its kind. It is well proportioned, clear, direct, interesting, inspiring, and in the main sound and true. It expounds convincingly the accepted commonplaces about the Greek spirit, Greek measure and restraint, Greek love of beauty, Greek religion and ethics, Greek social life and politics in the city state, and expands in eloquent digressions on such topics as Greek friendship, Platonic love, and Attic tragedy.

To summarize again the contents of so well-known a book would be pointless. But the very fact of its possession of the field may justify what otherwise might seem an ungracious emphasis on a few doubts and points of dissent. Mr. Dickinson himself anticipates the objection that he confounds the Greek view with the Greek ideal by the plea that in Greece the ideal was organically related to the real. That may be so more nearly than with us. But my criticism would be more specific. It is that though he is aware of the distinction he does not in practise sufficiently discriminate different epochs or distinguish the ideals of literature from the opinions of the man in the street. In the eight hundred, not to say fifteen hundred, years of Greek literature he seems to postulate one happy generation when the harmony which is the supreme achievement and lesson for us of the Greek spirit was actually realized as a temporary compromise if not as a final solution. But if we try to pin him down to greater precision he eludes us. When was this golden age? Apparently where Nietzsche placed it some time after Homer and before Socrates and the Sophists. But we certainly can not find that happy land of faery in Hesiod or in Solon or in Theognis, who lament the degeneracy of the times, proclaim that awe, faith, and justice have flown from earth, and appeal against the injustice of the gods. May it not be that the harmony that thus evades our quest is not so much a fact of history as the residual impression left on a sensitive modern mind by communion with the supreme things of Greek art and literature? So perhaps the superiority of Chinese civilization exists mainly in its charm for the Western tourist guarded from unpleasant contacts by a letter of credit and obsequious service.

It is on literature rather than on the historian's reconstruction of the life and religion of the masses that Mr. Dickinson bases his interpretations. Yet he sometimes wavers inconsistently between the two. When he tells us that the religion of the Greeks was something very different from all that we are in the habit of associating with the word and that to nine Greeks out of ten it would never occur that the mythology was not literally true, he must be thinking of the populace and of some early date. Neither statement is true of the chief Greek poets and philosophers. The religion of Plato is hardly distinguishable from the religion of Schleiermacher, Arnold, and Martineau. And the religion of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Pindar is more nearly what was associated with the word in the minds of Renan, Arnold, Swinburne, and Emerson than is the religion of mediæval Christianity, of ascetic Puritanism, or of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" which Mr. Dickinson uses to illustrate and exaggerate the contrasts between the Greek and the modern spirit. Emerson asked himself why he enjoyed Diogenes Laertius more than the Old Testament, and there can be no question that he felt himself more spiritually akin to Pindar, Sophocles, and Plotinus than to Bunyan. If we are to compare and contrast the Greek with the modern spirit we must compare them on the same cultural levels.

* Aristophanes. With the English translation by Benjamin Bickley Rogers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $2.50.

* Lucretius: De Rerum Natura. With an Eiglish translation by H. D. Rouse. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $2.50.

* The Greek View of Life. By A. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Doubleday, P[illegible] 25. $1.50.

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Every Other Inch a Lady

SERENA BLANDISH: or The Difficulty of Getting Married. By A LADY OF QUALITY. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

A DISTINGUISHED actor, who looks enchantingly like an airedale terrier, used to remark every time he came into his club last spring, Be sure to read "Serena Blandish." And as he said it a certain spasm of grave and almost painful merriment would pass over his face. He said it so often that I felt it must be good advice.

But now, having after so long delays read the book, I do not see any thorough way to review it except by writing a little tractate on Tennessee, Gorilla Warfare, Evolution, etc. It becomes more and more evident that Mr. Bryan has taken the place of the Sea Serpent. At this time of year it used to be a good circulation stunt to get up a Sea Serpent story in the newspapers. Nowadays you induce a few parsons to belabor one another, or almost anyone to belabor Mr. Bryan.

There is no people (continues our tractate) with so genial a capacity for credulity as the American. Take the statue of William Earl Dodge in Herald Square, with whiskers, leaning on two stout bronze books. (I wonder what they are.) I am firmly convinced that the denizens of that region believe it to be a monument in honor of the inventor of the Dodge car. We Americans have an inexhaustible capacity for belief. Even our skepticisms soon crystallize into a kind of formulated creed.

Therefore (we are now in transition toward Serena) it is agreeable and healthy, at a time when people are varicose with dispute over mythological sanctities, to find a book in which nothing is sacred; a book which so daintily ridicules all the supposed proprieties. Whoever wrote Serena (one has heard Mr. Beerbohm suggested) he carries his fiery liquor like a gentleman. He can mock (as can few of our younger Voltaires) without smashing the furniture. He, whoever, is a *farfceur* of the first *cuvée*. Perhaps he began his novelette as a twit on the now fashionable Mayfair school of fiction; but I surmise he found his delightful Serena too genuine for mere burlesque. I admit that I fall for Serena: she is so refreshingly cool and chaste in her disrepute. She refrains with difficulty from giving herself to anyone who is kind to her. She is never quite at home until she hears "the soothing accents of a dishonorable proposal." She struggles bravely against her too generous nature. She wants to get married, and in the end she succeeds, though dismayed to find her mother-in-law a black. There is admirable wit in this irreverent, trivial, and thoroughly mondaine fairly tale. Mr. Bryan I dare say would not believe that a book can be so deplorable without being offensive. I suppose it *is* deplorable. But you can't very well deplore it until you've read it, can you? And I don't see what else you can do.

The Anglo-American Scene

FRANKLIN WINSLOWE KANE. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS novel falls midway in Miss Sedgwick's work. Published a dozen years after she began to write fiction, it attracted less attention in 1910 than it merited; and her friends have rightly thought that the reputation which "Tante" and "The Little French Girl" gave her should assure it a larger audience now. She has written stronger and more robust works, but nothing subtler or finer. Like all her important achievements, it is a study of the intricate shadings, contrasts, and misunderstandings of different temperaments. As in "The Little French Girl," this study is projected against a background of international comparisons and differentiations, the leading characters being American and English. Miss Sedgwick's method is definitely reminiscent of Henry James, but not even James ever defined with greater delicacy and precision the elusive distinctions bred into personal titles by race, nationality, class, and tradition.

For a book of so much freshness and originality, the plot is oddly stark and mechanical. There are two strong characters, and two weak characters; and the issue to be resolved is whether strength shall mate with strength despite all the obstacles of circumstance and temperament. First we meet the two women. Althea Jakes, a wealthy, clinging, irresolute young American, is travelling in Europe for her intellectual betterment, and has just arrived at a disillusioned sense that there is not much more profit in studying archæology in Rome than in buying hats in Paris. She falls in with Helen Buchanan, a strong-minded, beautiful, and poverty-stricken young Scotchwoman of gentle blood; and feeling instinctively the superiority of Helen's intellect and will, she insists upon a friendship. Each of the two women has her male *attaché*. Althea's is a rich American of scientific tastes, good, earnest, and homely, named Franklin Winslow Kane; he has proposed repeatedly and follows her like a devoted dog. Helen's is a charming, indolent young English gentleman with barely enough money to lead his purposeless bachelor life. Gerald Digby, as he is called, cares for nobody but himself, and never perceives Helen's attachment to him.

Obviously, the thoughtless matchmaker—and we expect all novelists to be matchmakers—would marry Althea to Franklin, whose devotion deserves reward, and would open Gerald's eyes to the fact that he is neglecting a precious opportunity in Helen. That is the tendency of the early lines of the plot. But as the four characters are thrown much together in England, it becomes evident that the two strongest, the fine if insignificant-looking Franklin and the superb Helen, feel a growing attraction for each other. They hardly realize it. When they do become engaged, it is only because Franklin has finally despaired of winning the irresolute Althea, while Helen has lost all hope of attracting the fickle Gerald. They take each other as a second-best choice—and then discover that after all it was the best choice. After their engagement, and not before, they realize that theirs promises to be a perfect marriage. It is hence a genuine catastrophe when their union is frustrated, and each turns to the old unresponsive loved-one, now miraculously made responsive. This *volte-face* is a little hard to comprehend, and more than a little disappointing. There lies in it a real risk of tragedy for both Franklin and Helen. Yet the motivation is after all adequate, lying deep in the temperament of the four characters, and in the national affinities which draw together the two British and the two American people.

WALT WHITMAN
From a Photo by Brady. 1867
See next page

The chief strength of the book lies in its presentation of Franklin and Helen, two persons of remarkable nobility and power, yet strikingly unlike. Franklin is called by Hugh Walpole "a living witness of what the twentieth century could produce in the way of gentlemen when it was put to it." In many respects he is like Henry James's Christopher Newman, with a little more *savoir faire* and a little more oddity of mind, he is distinguished by the same integrity and manliness. He is a good deal of a self-made man; Helen is made by her blood and environment, the product of centuries of gentility. The juxtaposition of these two, of the lighter Althea and Gerald, and of a number of minor characters, indicates a good many fine shadings of difference between England and America. The book's chief defects are its mechanical pattern, its descent into sheer sentimentality near the close, and its combination of diffuseness and slightness. Some of the thirty-five chapters are of a very thinly psychological texture, and there are moments when the attention wearies. Miss Sedgwick has never learnt concentration, but she has learnt to give her work greater body.

Scholar and Nation

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER. By HARRIS E. STARR. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by PHILIP COAN

THE fighting professor has come into existence in the American universities largely since the extension of their teaching in the moral and political sciences. Yale took an early and prominent part in the movement of half a century ago for putting these sciences on the curriculum. It had in William Graham Sumner one of the first and most formidable of the fighting professors, of the tribe of the academy militant. They are an important group, that has made the opinion of the scholarly an active force in public questions. They have won the universities a voice in the forum. They have done much to increase the mental age level in public discussion. As a father of the tribe, Sumner deserves to be recorded and portrayed in a full-length biography.

Such a biography has been written, and by one of Sumner's own graduate students, who knew the man, and had tasted the sharp, tonic flavor of his direct influence. Mr. Starr has drawn from the life, at least in presenting the quality, the intellectual likeness of the man; but his is no mere memoir. For the details he has gone to the records, and he has summarized, with extensive quotation, much of Sumner's writing and utterance.

Sumner's writings, still more his speeches, reveal an extraordinary man. Not that it was extraordinary, or is today, for a man to believe in *laissez faire*, capitalism, the need to make the social organization subservient to the state of the individual man, but that it was exceptional for a man holding such views to go out and express them. *Laissez faire* in the realm of theory has a trick of becoming *laissez faire*, acquiescence, in personal attitude. Those who believe in property as a sound and just institution, who hold high the right of contract, who do not think that the Nation owes them a living, who doubt the wisdom of distributive justice, say less for themselves, in proportion to their presumable numbers than the partisans of opposing lines of thought. Sumner was the exception among them. Holding their views, he preached them with the same fiery earnestness with which Bryan advocated free silver, Bellamy state socialism, or George the single tax.

Persistence in declaring what he knew to be unpopular but deemed to be scientifically demonstrated truth won Sumner enemies everywhere. Champions of the masses hated him for his opposition to radical schemes. The New York *Journal* condemned him as "a mentally and morally pigeon breasted prig." The Interests detested him just as cordially for his attacks on the Tariff. The *Tribune* called him "bumptious and self-conceited." Because he opposed territorial expansion in 1899, the *Sun* conferred on him the degree of D.Ph.—Ph. standing for phool. Upton Sinclair dubbed him "prime minister in the empire of plutocratic education." One of Mr. Starr's chapters deals with the agitation over Sumner's use of Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology" as a text book, which nearly brought about his resignation from Yale in 1880. The man who could draw to his breast so many spears and yet flourish must have been of pretty tough fibre. Many found him a hard man; not so his biographer, who shows us a man governing his feelings according to his reason, rather than one in whom feeling was at all deficient.

Sumner, who campaigned all his mature life against this or that favorite notion of one or another of us, received at his last Yale commencement an ovation such as mighty few men of the smoothly popular type ever live to enjoy. A hall filled with two generations of the men he had taught; as he rose to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws, a tumult of cheering, that would not be quieted, that was renewed twice again. It was the tribute not only to a gifted educator, to one who had been, as William Lyon Phelps put it, the head of the liberal element in the faculty that had made Yale a pro-

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gressive institution, but to the trait that made Sumner stand out among men—his intellectual honesty and moral earnestness.

Mr. Starr, while summarizing Sumner's writings attempts no elaborate estimate of their originality, worth, or influence. He puts his emphasis rather on personality, on the active part that Sumner took in the affairs of Yale, and in the daring of the trained student who did not fear to put his views of the nation's proper course before it. Numerous academic champions seek nowadays to win a hearing for social opinions grounded on scientific thinking. The way has been broken. It was no small distinction to have been a pioneer of university thought in public appeal.

From Beyond the Grave

THE GREATER REVELATION. By Baroness Katherine Evans von Klenner. New York: Seibel Pub. Corp. 1925.

Reviewed by Thedore A. Miller

THREE neurotic persons, totally lacking in any critical sense, and actuated chiefly by an overwhelming "will to believe" in the validity of messages coming to them by way of automatic writing, are responsible for this preposterous document. No phenomena of the séance room should be received as evidential save such as are most rigorously controlled and checked by competently trained observers; but the Baroness's "circle" of three,—herself, "The Little One," and "The Interpreter,"—admitted no others to the sittings, and appear to have ignored checks and tests. We are not even told the names of the two other sitters or anything about them; we hear nothing of the actual method pursued or the means used in the writing of these precious "messages." The circle often asked why they "were chosen to be instruments of the unseen forces," and were told: "You were found at the crucial moment—hence the opportunity is being given you, and you must not permit the chain to be severed because of your neglect to embrace the call of the unseen." Truly, a lucid answer!

The great purpose for which this trio was selected was early announced by the "Guide," the late Baron von Klenner. It is a threefold purpose: "the spreading of Music in its highest vocal form throughout this land of ours," (hence the formation of the National Opera Club of America); "the writing of the Libretto for the great American opera, and then this book." The list of deceased notables who gather "on the other side" to support these three purposes is amazing: Ponce de Leon, Nietzsche, George Sand, Wagner, Carrie Nation, Ex-Police Commissioner Byrnes of New York, George Eliot, Xantippe, Tolstoy, Emerson, Jules Verne, Charlotte Corday, W. S. Gilbert, General Tom Thumb, Fra Angelico, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Brigham Young, Li Hung Chang, Jacob the Shulamite,—but the list is far too long to be given completely here.

Two things will be obvious to any one who has the patience to read this book carefully: first, all the messages clearly emanate from the same mind (whosoever that may be), and this mind is very ill educated, strangely ignorant of logic, of grammar, and of the technique of poetry; one typical verse, purporting to be written by W. S. Gilbert, will suffice to indicate the literary and intellectual level of all the contributions:

> Do you recognize the style which I so faithful—ee
> Retain through all the years of wealth and povert—ee,
> The partner of the one who also will help thee,
> *Sullivan the great* who the inspiration sure will be.

We do *not* recognize the style!

And secondly, all these various spirits constantly promise world-shaking revelations—and as constantly never give them! So Socrates writes:

> All these things you must do
> If you would fulfil your destiny.
> Fail neither in one nor in two
> But finish successfully all three.
>
> Much that is dark will soon become light
> We will anew many truths reveal
> Day will come, vanish the night
> What is obscure will become real.

"Ignorance and prejudice," says Dr. T. Dewitt Talmadge, "are like unto the walls of Jericho, and nothing less than the constant blowing of the great trumpets of Enlightment can demolish these walls. The constant drip, drip of water can wear away the largest stone. . . . One of the largest and most virile of these trumpets will be this book, and your responsibility is great." "Virile trumpet" be blowed! —or blown! This is a penny whistle, tootled by a child!

The Bowling Green

IT is seventy years this month since Emerson sat down to write (July 21, 1855) a letter that will not soon be forgotten. It was a letter acknowledging the receipt of a book sent him: a book so odd in form and contents that he might well have disregarded it as many busy men disregard haphazard casuals of the mail. The frontispiece, engraved from a tintype, was a portrait, unidentified, of a bearded man, wistful or sulky in expression, arrogant in posture. His hat was tilted sideways, one hand knuckled on his hip, flannel blouse open at the neck showing a dark tape-edged stevedore's undershirt. The quarto title-page bore no author's name and no publisher's imprint. There followed, without word of explanation, a ten-page halloo in small dense type, double-columned on the big pages; and the body of the volume itself, which looked like neither prose nor poetry, began with the announcement—dubiously chosen, one might think, to placate the New England brahmin—

> I celebrate myself,
> And what I assume you shall assume.

One could not have been surprised if Mr. Emerson had shuddered slightly, taken one half-fascinated glance at the dark undershirt, murmured "It's magnificent but it's not Daguerre," and turned to the proceedings of the Harvard chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

"I find it," wrote Emerson, "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." And his pen, gathering speed, went on to say words that are among the necessary footnotes in any permanent history of American literature.

* * *

Yes, it is seventy years since "Leaves of Grass" was first printed. In that lifetime it has passed through every vicissitude. Worshipped by the more sentimental radicals, shrunk from by the solid bourgeois, unheard of by the cameradoes for whom it was supposedly written, the target of attorney-generals in its youth, the perplexity of a dozen publishers, the gold-mine of anthologists and the meal-ticket of parodists, now it stands in almost Biblical dignity. No wildest flurry of contemporary censorship has dared to propose any mincing of its astounding meats. Its blurtings are accepted like those of the Old Testament. I suppose the pained moralist feels, as he does of the deplorabilia of Israel, that they are unpardonable but that somehow the author meant well. Then there are still others, the intellectuals and enthusiasts such as Swinburne, who after fierce espousal recanted and cried that Whitman's muse was "a Hottentot wench under the influence of cantharides and adulterated rum." But, in its seventieth year, "Leaves of Grass" really begins to be absorbed into the actual tissue of American life. Whitman's reputation begins to be a business asset. They have named the new hotel in Camden, N. J., the Walt Whitman, and the Camden Chamber of Commerce has issued a leaflet about him. Perhaps it is a secret sorrow in Camden's breast that neither of its two most famous litterateurs were natives. I mean, of course, Walt and Cyrus H. K. Curtis.

* * *

In that famous book not the least important thing was that densely-typed preface, which unaccountably disappeared from so many printings and is at last restored—"unboulderized," as a publisher friend of mine says—in Professor Emory Holloway's Inclusive Edition of the "Leaves." For surely that magnificent outburst, essential to any reasonable notion of what Walt was about, is one of the most precious documents in American ink. How is it that Emerson's "Fortune of the Republic" and "Young American" and "American Scholar" have so long been nuggets in the curriculum, Required Reading for College Entrance,etc., and this glorious rocket fired from behind Dr. Beecher's church remains so little known? I swear that Brooklyn Heights rises as tall as Beacon Hill in my orography.

I can only conjecture that the 1855 Preface sank from sight because it was so astoundingly beautiful. It contains one tedious excursion into mere catalogue, one rather vehement unchastity of phrase, and a needless punctuation of dots which gives a wrong impression that abominable impudences have been exercised. Two minutes with blue chalk medicine these, and there remains a masterpiece of noble prose, musical as Pater, freshly and oddly phrased, thrillingly imagined. Emerson may well have rubbed his eyes: it is like the perfect essay that he himself must have dreamed of doing, a theme flowing of its own shining sluice rather than a canny compost of gnomes.

And who indeed was this Walter Whitman, bearded like the camerado, this mixture of William Blake and Sylvanus Stall? Of the less interesting days of his life we have almost stenographic report; but of the crucial times there is mostly silence and damned little of that. No biographer could salt that strong bird on pinions free until paralysis had crippled him. You can digest it in a paragraph. The son of a Long Island carpenter and builder (a quick-tempered melancholy man with Quaker leanings) and a placid sweet-minded pink-cheeked mother. Of his many brothers and sisters at least two were feeble-minded. He grew up in Brooklyn, then about the size of Hempstead today, say 7000 inhabitants. He left school at thirteen, ran errands for a lawyer, learned to set type, read Walter Scott. Big, dreamy, and loutish, after some country school-teaching round Long Island and some healthy work as a rural newspaper manager, he became that most dangerous character an itinerant editorial writer. Some very special poison evidently got into his veins about this time, for there is testimony that while doing miscellaneous chit-chat for rather smart sheets in New York he wore a high hat, carried a cane, and always flowers in his buttonhole. The high hat I do not yet altogether believe. That his temperance novelette was composed mostly in the reading room of Tammany Hall with gin cocktails for support is more credible; but he was always temperate with liquor. Among the rowdies at Pfaff's he was remarked as "never tipsy and never broke." A great deal (not all) that he wrote for publication in his twenties was unimportant. But probably this experience of turning off half-baked notions about almost anything taught him a secret respect for ideas. He did not take his newspaper work too seriously, for he was always ready to leave the office for a swim. One evening, between the acts at a theatre, after a drink, he was offered a job on a new journal in New Orleans. He accepted, and in New Orleans something happened. No one knows just what, but the delightful Bazalgette, his French biographer and translator, says "I am inclined to think she was a Frenchwoman." Those who have persuaded themselves that the brief New Orleans interlude was a jovial orgy must reckon with the fact that he had his fifteen-year-old brother Jeff with him. But when Walt returned North a few months later he had changed. His beard was growing gray, he wanted to give public lectures, and he became, briefly, a realtor in rapidly growing Brooklyn. Inward, according to the current theory, some fiercening sanity was uncoiling. He bought little notebooks and began to put down, not editorials but what he really was thinking. In these extraordinary jottings were the seeds of "Leaves of Grass."

* * *

The old gang at Pfaff's may well have been staggered by the "Leaves of Grass" preface; this was no genial paragraphing, this was that dangerous combustible known as literature. There is some characteristic Waltian humbug in it: Walt was not always at his best in "tallying" the peculiar virtues of Americans, for how much did he know of other nations? When he extols American beards, "amativeness," and "deathless attachment to freedom," we feel the torsion of a faintly grieving grin: in this era we know that the French, for example, can

(*Continued on page* 931)

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his rambles about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. The scene then shifts to England, and to the home of Cosmo's father in which some years previously shelter had been given to a family of French refugees. It is to visit this family, now resident in Italy, that the son has come to Genoa. After a visit with the Countess of Montevesso, in which he gains a glimpse of the conditions of her life and the political background of her circle, and is startled by the queer half savage niece of her husband, who is sheltered under his roof, Cosmo meets the Countess's father.

THE man in black clothes, entering through the hidden door, stopped at some distance in a respectful attitude. The Marquis beckoned him to approach, and the man, bending to his ear, said in a low voice which was, however, audible to Cosmo: "He is here." The Marquis answered in an undertone, "He came rather early. He must wait," at which the man murmured something which Cosmo couldn't hear. He became aware the the Marquis looked at him irresolutely before he said:

"My dear boy, you will have to make your entrance into my daughter's salon together with me. I thought of sending you back the way you came, but as a matter of fact the passage is blocked. . . . Bring him in and let him sit here after we are gone," he directed the man in black, and Cosmo only then recognized Bernard, the servant of proved fidelity in all the misfortunes of the D'Armand family. Bernard withdrew without responding in any way to Cosmo's smile of recognition. "In my position," continued the Marquis, "I have to make use of agents more or less shady. Those men often object to being seen. Their occupation is risky. There is a man of that sort waiting in the corridor."

Cosmo said he was at the Marquis's orders, but the ambassador remained in the armchair, tapping the lid of his snuffbox slightly.

"You saw my daughter this morning, I understand." Cosmo made an assenting bow. Madame de Montevesso had done him the honour to receive him in the morning.

"You speak French very well," said the Marquis. "I don't really know why the English are supposed to be bad linguists. We French are much worse. Did you two speak French together?"

"No," said Cosmo, "we spoke in English. It was Madame de Montevesso's own choice."

"She hasn't quite forgotten it, has she?"

"It struck me," said Cosmo, "that your daughter has forgotten neither the language nor the people, nor the sights of her early life. I was touched by the fidelity of her memory and the warmth of her feelings."

His own tone had warmth enough in it to make the Marquis look up at him. There was a short pause. "None of us are likely to forget those days of noble and infinite kindness. We were but vagrants on a hostile earth. My daughter could not have forgotten! As long as there is anybody of our name left . . . "

The Marquis checked himself abruptly, but almost at once went on in a slightly changed tone: "But I am alone of my name now. I wish I had had a son so that gratitude could have been perpetuated from generation to generation and become a traditional thing between our two families. But this is not to be. Perhaps you didn't know I had a brother. He was much younger than myself and I loved him as though he had been my son. Directly I had placed my wife and child in safety, your father insisted on giving me the means to return to France secretly in order to try and save that young head. But all my attempts failed. It fell on the scaffold. He was one of the last victims of the sanguinary madness of that time. . . . But let us talk of something else. What are your plans, my young friend?"

Cosmo confessed that he had no plans. He intended to stay in Genoa for some time. Madame de Montevesso had been good enough to encourage him in that idea, and really there was such a feeling of leisure in the European atmosphere that he didn't see why he should make any plans. The world was enjoying its first breathing time. Cosmo corrected himself—well, no, perhaps not exactly enjoying. To be strictly truthful he had not noticed much feeling of joy. . . . He hesitated a moment but the whole attitude of the Marquis was so benevolent and encouraging that he continued to take stock of his own sensations and continued in the same strain. There was activity, lots of activity, agitation perhaps, but no real joy. Or at any rate, no enjoyment. Not even now, after the foreign troops had withdrawn from France and all the sovereigns of the world had gone to Vienna.

The Marquis listened with profound attention. "Are those your impressions, *mon cher enfant?* Somehow they don't seem very favourable. But you English are very apt to judge us with severity. I hear very little of what is going on in France."

The train of his own thoughts had mastered Cosmo, who added, "What struck me most was the sense of security . . . ;" he paused for an instant and the ambassador, bending forward in the chair with the air of a man attempting an experiment, insinuated gently:

"Not such a bad thing, that sentiment."

In the ardour of his honesty Cosmo did not notice either the attitude or the tone, though he caught the sense of the words.

"Was it of the right kind," he went on, as if communing with himself, "or was it the absence of sound thought, and almost of all feeling? M. le Marquis, I am too young to judge, but one would have thought, listening to the talk one heard on all sides, that such a man as Bonaparte had never existed."

"YOU have been in the society of returned exiles," said the Marquis, after a moment of meditation. "You must judge them charitably. A class that has been under the ban for years lives on its passions and on prejudices whose growth stifles not only its sagacity but its visions of the reality." He changed his tone. "Our present Minister of Foreign Affairs never communicates with me personally. The only personal letter I had from him in the last four months was on the subject of procuring some truffles that grow in this country for the King, and there were four pages of most minute directions as to where they were to be found and how they were to be packed and transmitted to Paris. As to my dispatches, I get merely formal acknowledgments. I really don't know what is going on except through travellers who naturally colour their information with their own desires. M. de Talleyrand writes me short notes now and then, but as he has been himself for months in Vienna he can't possibly know what is going on in France. His acute mind, his extraordinary talents are fit to cope with the international situation, but I suppose he, too, is uneasy. In fact, my dear young friend, as far I can judge, uneasy suspense is the prevailing sentiment all round the basin of the Mediterranean. The fate of nations still hangs in the balance."

Cosmo waited a moment before he whispered, "And the fate of some individual souls perhaps."

The ambassador made no sound till after a whole minute had elapsed, and then it was only to say:

"I suppose that like many of your young and even old countrymen, you have formed a project of visiting Elba."

Cosmo at once adopted a conversational tone. "Half-formed at most," he said. "I was never one of those who like to visit prisons and gaze at their fellow beings in captivity. A strange taste indeed! I will own to you, M. le Marquis," he went on boyishly, "that the notion of captivity is very odious to me, for men, and for animals, too. I would sooner look at a dead lion than a lion in a cage. Yet I remember a young French friend of mine telling me that we English were the most curious nation in the world. But, as you said, everybody seems to be doing Elba. I suppose there are no difficulties."

"Not enough difficulties," said the ambassador blandly. "I mean for the good of all concerned."

"Ah," said Cosmo, and repeated thoughtfully, "All concerned! The other day in Paris I met Mr. Wycherley on his way home. He seemed to have had no difficulty at all, not even in Elba. We had quite a long audience. Mr. Wycherley struck me as a man of blunt feelings. Apparently the Emperor—after all, the imperial title is not taken away from him yet——"

The Marquis lowered his head slowly. "No, not yet."

"Well, the Emperor said to him: 'You have come here to look at a wild beast,' and Mr. Wycherley, who doesn't seem to be at a loss for words, answered at once: 'I have come here to look at a great man.' What a crude answer! He is telling this story to everybody. He told me he is going to publish a pamphlet about his visit."

"Mr. Wycherley is a man of good company. His answer was polite. What would have been yours, my young friend?"

"I don't think I will ever be called to make any sort of answer to the great man," said Cosmo.

The Marquis got up with the words: "I think that on the whole you will be wise not to waste your time. I have here a letter from the French Consul in Leghorn quoting the latest report he had from Elba. It states that Bonaparte remains shut up for days together in his private apartments. The reason given is that he fears attempts on his life being made by emissaries sent from France and Italy. He is not visible. Another report states that lately he has expressed great uneasiness at the movements of the French and English frigates."

The Marquis laid a friendly hand on Cosmo's shoulder. "You cannot complain of me; I have given you the very latest intelligence. And now let us join whatever company my daughter is receiving. I think very few people." He crossed the room, followed by Cosmo, and Cosmo noticed a distinct lameness in his gait. At the moment of opening the door the Marquis d'Armand said:

"Your arm, *mon jeune ami.* I am suffering from rheumatism considerably this evening."

Cosmo hastened to offer his arm, and the Marquis with his hand on the door said:

"I can hardly walk. I hope I shall be able to go to the audience I have tomorrow with the King of Sardinia. He is an excellent man but all his ideas and feelings came to a standstill in '98. It makes all conversation with him extremely difficult even for me. His ministers are more reasonable, but that is only because they are afraid."

A low groan escaped the ambassador. He remained leaning with one hand on Cosmo's shoulder and with the other clinging to the door-handle.

"Afraid of the people?" asked Cosmo.

"The people are being corrupted by secret societies," the Marquis said, in his bland tone. "All Italy is seething with conspiracies. What, however, they are afraid most of is the Man of Elba."

COSMO for an instant wondered at those confidences, but a swift reflection that probably those things were known to everybody who was anybody in Europe made him think that this familiar talk was merely the effect of the Marquis's kindness to the son of his old friend. "I think I can proceed now," said the Marquis, pushing the door open. Cosmo recognized one of the rooms which he had passed in the morning. It was the only one of the suite which was fully lighted by a great central glass chandelier, but even in that only two rows of candles were lighted. It was a small reception. The rest of the suite presented but a dim perspective. A semi-circle of heavy armchairs was sparsely occupied by less than a dozen ladies. There was only one card table in use. All the faces were turned to the opening door, and Cosmo was struck by the expression of profound surprise on them all. In one or two it resembled thunderstruck imbecility. It didn't occur to him that the entrance of the French King's personal representative leaning on the shoulder of a completely unknown young man was enough to cause a sensation. A group of elderly

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personages, conversing in a remote part of the room, became silent. The Marquis gave a general greeting by an inclination of his head, and Cosmo felt himself impelled towards a console between two windows against which the Marquis leaned, whispering to him, "If I were to sit down it would be such an affair to get up." The Countess de Montevesso advanced quickly across the room. Cosmo noticed that her dress had a long train. She smiled at Cosmo and said to the Marquis anxiously:

"You are in pain, Papa?"

"A little . . . Take him away, my dear, now. He was good enough to lend me his shoulder as far as this."

"*Venez*, M. Latham," said Adèle, "I must introduce you at once to Lady William Bentick in order to check wild speculation about the appearance of a mysterious stranger. As it is, all the town will be full of rumors. People will be talking about you this very night."

Cosmo followed Adèle across the room. She moved slowly and talked easily with a flattering air of intimacy. She even stopped for a moment under the great chandelier. "Lady William is talking now with Count Bubna," she explained to Cosmo, who took a rapid survey of a tall, stout man in an Austrian general's uniform, with his hair up in a queue, with black moustaches and something cynical though not ill-natured in his expression. That personage interrupted suddenly his conversation with a lady, no longer very young, who was dressed very simply, and made his way to the ambassador, giving in passing a faintly caustic smile and a keen glance to Cosmo.

"Let me introduce to you Mr. Cosmo Latham," said Adèle. "He is the son of my father's very old friend. He and I haven't met since we were children together in Yorkshire. He has just arrived here."

COSMO bowed, and in response to a slight gesture took a seat close to the lady, whose preoccupied air struck him with a sort of wonder. She seemed to have something on her mind. Cosmo could know nothing of the prevalent gossip that it was the black eyes of Louise Durazzo that were detaining Lord William in Italy. He explained in answer to a careless inquiry as to the latest news from Paris that he had been travelling very leisurely and that he could not possibly have brought any fresh news. Lady William looked at him as if she had not seen him before.

"Oh, I am not very much interested in the news, except in so far that they may make a longer stay here unnecessary for us."

"I suppose everybody wants to see the shape of the civilized world settled at last," said Cosmo politely.

"All I want is to go home," declared Lady William. She was no longer looking at him and had the appearance of a person not anxious to listen to anybody's conversation. Cosmo glanced about the room. The Austrian general was talking to the Marquis with Madame de Montevesso standing close to them, while other persons kept at a respectful distance. Lady William seemed to be following her own thoughts with a sort of impassive abstraction. Cosmo felt himself at liberty to go on with his observations, and sweeping his glance round noticed, sitting half hidden by the back of the armchair Adèle had vacated, the dark girl with round black eyes, whom he had seen that morning. To his extreme surprise she smiled at him and, not content with that, gave other plain signs of recognition. He thought he could do no less than get up and make her a bow. By the time he sat down again he became aware that he had attracted the notice of all the ladies seated before the fire. One of them put up her eyeglasses to look at him, two others started talking low together with side glances in his direction, and there was no one that did not look interested. This disturbed him much less than the fixed stare of the young creature, which became fastened on him unwinkingly. Even Lady William gave him a short look of curiosity.

"I understand that you have just arrived from Genoa."

"Yes. Yesterday afternoon late. This is my first appearance."

"And I don't know a single person in this room even by name. Of course I know that it is Count Bubna who is talking to the Marquis, but that is all."

"Ah," said Lady William with a particular intonation which made Cosmo wonder what he could have said to provoke scepticism. But Lady William was asking herself how it was that this young Englishman seemed to be familiar with the freakish girl who was an object of many surmises in Genoa, and whose company, it was understood, Count Helion of Montevesso had imposed upon his wife. Meantime Cosmo, with the eyes of all the women concentrated upon him with complete frankness, began to feel uncomfortable. Lady William noticed it and out of pure kindness spoke to him again.

"If I understood rightly you have known Madame de Montevesso from childhood."

"I can't call myself really a childhood's friend. I was so much away from home," explained Cosmo. "But she lived for some years in my parents' house and everybody loved her there; my mother, my father, my sister—and it seems to me, looking back now, that I too must have loved her at that time; though we very seldom exchanged more than a few words in the course of the day."

HE spoke with feeling and glanced in the direction of the group near the console where the head of Adèle appeared radiant under the sparkling crystals of the lustre. Lady William, bending sideways a little, leaned her cheek against her hand in a listening attitude. Cosmo felt he was expected to go on speaking, but it seemed to him that he had nothing more to say. He fell back upon a general remark.

"I think boys are very stupid creatures. However, I wasn't so stupid as not to feel that Adèle d'Armand was very intelligent and quite different from us all. Her very gentleness set her apart. Moreover, Henrietta and I were younger. To my sister and myself she seemed almost grown up. A couple of years makes a very great difference at that age. Soon after she went away we children heard that she was married. She seemed lost to us then. Presently she went back to France, and once there she was lost indeed. When one looked towards France in those days it seems to me there was nothing to be seen but Napoleon. And then her marriage, too. A Countess de Montevesso didn't mean anything to us. I came here expecting to see a stranger."

Cosmo checked himself. It was impossible to say whether Lady William had heard him, or even whether she had been listening at all, but she asked:

"You never met Count Helion?"

"I haven't the slightest idea of the man. He is not in this room, is he? What is he like?"

Lady William looked amused for a moment at the artless curiosity of the Countess de Montevesso's young friend; but it was in an indifferent tone that she said:

"Count Helion is a man of immense wealth which he amassed in India somewhere. He is much older than his wife. More than twice her age." Cosmo showed his surprise, and Lady William continued smoothly: "Of course all the world knows that Adèle has been a model wife."

Cosmo noted the faintest possible shade of emphasis on those last words and thought to himself: "That means she is not happy and that the world knows it." But, several men having approached the circle, the conversation became general. He vacated his seat by the side of Lady William and got introduced by Adèle to several people, amongst whom was a delicate young woman splendidly dressed and of a slightly Jewish type who, though she was the wife of General Count Bubna, commander-in-chief of the Austrian troops and the representative of Austria at the Court of Turin, behaved with a strange timidity and appeared almost too shy to speak. A simple Madame Ferrati, or so at least Cosmo heard her name, a lady with white tousled hair, had an aggressive manner. Cosmo remarked in the course of the evening that she seemed rather to be persecuting Lady William, who, however, remained amiably abstracted and did not seem to mind anything. The Marquis, getting away from the console, had seated himself near the little Madame Bubna. This, Cosmo thought, was an unavoidable sort of thing for him to do. A young man with a grave manner and something malicious in his eye, apparently a First Secretary of the Embassy, informed Cosmo shortly after they had been made known to each other that "the wife of the general would not naturally be received in Vienna society," and that this was the secret of Bubna sticking to his Italian command so long, even now when really all the excitement was over. Of course he was very much in love with his wife. He used to give her balls twice a week at the expense of the Turin Municipality. Old Bubna understood the art of pillaging to perfection, but apart from that he was a *parfait galant homme* and an able soldier. Bonaparte had a very great liking for him. Bubna was the only friend Bonaparte had in this room. He meant sympathy as man for man. Years ago when Bubna was in Paris he got on very well with the Emperor. Bonaparte knew how to flatter a man. It was worth while to sit up half the night to hear Bubna talking about Bonaparte. "I am posting you up like this," concluded the secretary, "because I see you are in the intimacy of the Marquis and of Madame de Montevesso here."

He went away then to talk to somebody else, and presently Madame de Montevesso, passing close to Cosmo, whispered to him, "Stay to the last," and went on without waiting for his answer. Cosmo amongst all the groups engaged in animated conversation felt rather lonely, totally estranged from the ideas those people were expressing to each other. He could not possibly he in sympathy with the fears and the hopes, strictly personal, and with the royalist-legitimist enthusiasms of these advocates of an order of things that had been buried for a quarter of a century and now was paraded like a rouged and powdered corpse putting on a swagger of life and revenge. Then he reflected that in this room, at any rate, it was probably nothing but scandalous gossip and trivial talk of futile intrigues. There was no need for him to be indignant. He was even amused at himself, and looking about him in a kindlier frame of mind he perceived that the person nearest to him was that strange girl with the round eyes. She had kept perfectly still on her uncomfortable stool like a captured savage. Her green flounced skirt was spread on each side of the seat. The bodice of her dress, which was black, was cut low, her bare arms were youthfully red and immature. Her hair was done up smoothly and pulled up from her forehead in the manner of the portraits of the 15th Century.

"Why do they dress her in this bizarre manner?" thought Cosmo. It couldn't be Adèle's conception. Perhaps the count himself. Yet that didn't seem likely. Perhaps it was her own atrocious taste. But if so it ought to have been repressed. He reflected that there could be nothing improper in him talking to the niece of the house. He would try his conversational Italian. With the feeling of venturing on a doubtful experiment he approached her from the back, sat down at her elbow, and waited. She could not possibly remain unaware of him being there.

AT last she turned her head for a point-blank stare, and once she had her eyes on him she never attempted to take them away. Cosmo uttered carefully a complimentary phrase about her dress, which was received in perfect silence. Her carmine lips remained as still as her round black eyes for quite a long time. Suddenly in a low tone, with an accent which surprised Cosmo but which he supposed to be Piedmontese, and with a sort of spiteful triumph, she said:

"I knew very well it would suit me. You think it does?"

Her whole personality had such an aggressive mien that Cosmo, startled and amused, hastened to say, "Undoubtedly," lest she should fly at his eyes.

She showed him her teeth in a grin of savage complacency, and the subject seemed exhausted. Cosmo set himself the task to daunt her by a steady gaze. In less than two seconds he regretted his venture. He felt certain that she would not be the one to look away first. There was not the slightest doubt about that. In order to cover his retreat he let his eyes wander vaguely about the room, smiled agreeably, and said:

"Your uncle is not here. Shall I have the pleasure of seeing him this evening?"

"No," she said. "You won't see him this evening. But he knows you have been here this morning."

This was, strictly speaking, news to Cosmo, but he said at once and with great indifference:

"Why shouldn't he? Probably Madame de Montevesso has told him. I used to know your aunt when she was younger than you are, signorina."

"How do you know how old I am?"

Cosmo asked himself if she would ever wink those black eyes of hers.

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"I know that you are not a hundred years old."

This struck her as humorous, because there was a sound as of a faint giggle which, generally speaking, is a silly kind of sound but in her case had a disturbing quality. It was followed by the hoarse declaration:

"Aunt didn't. I told Uncle. I looked a lot at you in the morning. Why didn't you look at me?"

"I was afraid of being indiscreet," said Cosmo readily, concealing his astonishment.

"What silliness," she commented scornfully. "And this evening too! I was looking at you all the time and you did nothing but look at all those witches here, one after another."

"I find all the ladies in the room perfectly charming," said Cosmo.

"You lie. I suppose you do nothing else from morning till night."

"I am sorry you have such a bad opinion of me, but it being what it is, hadn't I better go away?"

"Directly I set eyes on you I knew you were one of that sort."

"And did you impart your opinion of me to your uncle?" asked Cosmo. He could be no more offended with that girl than if she had been an unmannerly animal. Her peculiar stare remained unchanged but her general expression softened for a moment.

"No. But I took care to tell him that you were a very handsome gentleman. . . . You are a very handsome gentleman."

What surprised Cosmo was not the downright statement but the thought that flashed through his mind that it was as dreadful as being told that one was good to eat. For a time he stared without any thought of unwinking competition. He was not amused. Distinctly not. He asked:

"Where were you born?"

"How can I tell? In the mountains, I suppose. Somewhere where you will never go. How can it possibly concern you?"

Cosmo offered his apology for his indiscretion, and she received it with a sort of uncomprehending scorn. She said after a pause: "None of those witches, young or old, ever speak to me. And even you didn't want to speak to me. You only spoke to me . . . Oh, no! I know why you spoke to me."

"Why did I speak to you?" asked Cosmo thoughtfully. "Won't you tell me?"

Upon the firm roundness of that high-coloured face came a subtle change which suggested something in the nature of cunning, and the rough, somewhat veiled voice came from between the red lips which had no more charm or life than the painted lips carved in a piece of wood.

"If I were to tell you you would be as wise as myself."

"Where would be the harm of me being as wise as yourself?" said Cosmo, trying to be playful but somehow missing the tone of playfulness so completely that he was struck by his failure himself.

"If you were as wise as myself you would never come to this house again and I don't want you to stay away," was the answer, delivered in a hostile tone.

Cosmo said, "You don't! Well, at any rate it can't be because of kindness, so I don't thank you for it." He said this with extreme amiability. Becoming aware that people were beginning to leave, he observed, out of the corner of his eye, that nobody went away without glancing in their direction. Then the departure of Lady William caused a general stir and gave Cosmo the occasion to get up and move away. Lady William gave him a gracious nod, and the Marquis, coming up to him, introduced him at the last moment to General Count Bubna just as that distinguished person was making ready to take his wife away. Everybody was standing up and for the first time Cosmo felt himself completely unobserved. Obeying a discreet sign of the Countess Montevesso, he moved unaffectedly in the direction of a closed door, the white and gold door he remembered well from his morning visit. When he had got near to it and within reach of the handle he turned about. He had the view of the guests' backs as they moved slowly out. Adèle looked over her shoulder for a moment with an affirmative nod. He understood it, hesitated no longer, opened the door, and slipped through without, so far as he could judge, being seen by anybody.

It was as he had thought. He found himself in Madame de Montevesso's boudoir in which he had been received that morning.

IV

He shut the door behind him gently and remained between it and the screen. He had expected to be followed at once by Adèle. What could be detaining her? But he remembered the remarkable proportions of that suite of reception rooms. He had seen some apartments in Paris, but nothing quite so long as that. The old Marquis would no doubt conduct the little Madame Bubna to the very door of the anteroom. The ambassador of The Most Christian King owed that attention to the representative of His Apostolic Majesty and Commander-in-Chief of the Australian troops. This was the exact form which his thought took. The Christian King, the Apostolic Majesty—all those submerged heads were bobbing up out of the subsiding flood.

He pictured them to himself in their mental simplicity and with their grand air; the Marquis magnificent and ageing, and the dutiful daughter by his side with her radiant head and her divine form. It was impossible to believe that these two men had also been submerged at one time.

All those people were mere playthings, reflected Cosmo without a pang. But who or what was playing with them? he thought further, boldly, and remained for a moment as if amused by the marvellousness of it, in the manner of people watching the changes on the stage. But what could have become of them?

She might next moment be opening the door. Could she have made him stay behind because she wanted to speak with him alone? Why, yes, obviously. Cosmo did not ask himself what she wanted to talk to him about. It was no wonder that he felt, it was a subtle emotion resembling impatience for the arrival of a promised felicity of an indefinite kind. All this was by no means poignant. It was merely delightfully disturbing.

"I shall have a tête-à-tête; that's clear," he thought as he advanced into the room. The air all around him was delightfully warm. Whatever she would have to say would be wonderful because of her voice. He would look her in the face. She did not intimidate him and it was impossible to have too much of that. After all, he thought, immensely amused, it was only Adèle, Ad——

His mental monologue was cut short by the shock of perceiving, seated on the painted sofa, a man who was looking at him in perfect silence and immobility. The fact was that Count Helion, having come into the boudoir sooner than his wife had expected him to do, had directed his eyes to the screen ever since he had heard the opening and the shutting of the door. One of his hands was resting on his thigh, the other hung down holding negligently a number of some gazette which was partly resting on the floor. Though not very big, that piece of paper attracted Cosmo's eyes; and it was in this way that he became aware of the brown fingers covered with rings, of the gaunt legs encased in silk stockings, and of the crossed feet in dress shoes with gold buckles, almost before he took in the impression of the broad but lean face which seemed to have been stained with walnut juice long enough for the stain to have worn down thin, letting the native pallor come through. The same tint extended to the bald top of the head. But what was really extraordinary was the hair; two patches of black behind each temple, obviously dyed. The man, as to whose identity Cosmo could have no doubt, got up, displaying the full length of his bony frame, in a tense and soldierly stiffness associated with cross-belts and a cowhide knapsack on the back. "A grenadier," thought Cosmo, startled by this unexpected meeting, which also caused him profound annoyance, as though he had been induced to walk into a trap. What he could not understand was why the man should make that grimace at him. It convulsed his whole physiognomy, involving his lips, his cheeks, and his very eyes in a sort of spasm. The most awful thing was that it stayed there. . . . "Why, it's a smile," thought Cosmo, with sudden relief. It was so sudden that it broke into a smile without any particular volition of his own. Thereupon the face of Count Helion recovered its normal aspect and Cosmo heard his voice for the first time. It proceeded from the depths of his chest. It was resonant and blurred and portentous with an effect of stiffness somehow in accord with the man's bearing. It informed Cosmo that Count Helion had been waiting in the Countess's boudoir on purpose to make his acquaintance, while in the man's eyes there was a watchfulness as though he had been uttering a momentous disclosure and was anxious as to its effect. A perfectly horizontal, jet-black moustache underlining the nose of Count Helion, which was broad at the base and thin at the end, suggested comic possibilities in that head, which had too much individuality to be looked upon by Cosmo simply as the head of Adèle's husband; and Cosmo hardly looked at it in that light. His hold on that fact was slippery. He preserved his equanimity perfectly and said that he himself had wondered whether he would have the pleasure of making the Count's acquaintance that evening. Both men sat down.

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 928)

outdo us in all three. Moreover it is only the highbrows (in any land) who care for freedom; the "common people," whom Walt relies on, detest and fear it. But even his little infusion of twaddle is delicious and unawares. When he warms to his high theme he is superb. Tell me any American document that is more gorgeous.

There, in that 1855 Preface, so long smuggled away (perhaps because it damaged the stereotype of the untutored child of Adam) is the real miracle. If it existed in manuscript I'd vote for it as the most exciting sheaf of handwriting this country has produced. In those queer paragraphs a lonely and massive mind comes marching to the appointed closes of thought, with such manly tread that the reader's breath pauses in its tune. There are things naïve, there are things arrogant, but there is also one pure undeniable: the thing is, within human limits, immortal. Standing at the shabby case in Cranberry Street, our Orson of the Muse (as Meredith called him a little hastily) spoke as only some dozen or so have spoken about poetry. He spoke as Sidney and Ben Jonson and Wordsworth and Shelley and Arnold have spoken. The greatnesses were in conjunction. The time straying toward infidelity he withheld by his steady faith. "Folks expect of the poet to indicate the path between reality and their souls."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature,* as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

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Many Poems

HILL FRAGMENTS. By MADELINE MASON-MANHEIM. London: Cecil Palmer. 1925. 6s.
FANTASY AND OTHER POEMS. By ROYDON BURKE. Privately printed. 1925.
SPHINX OF FLIGHT. By MARION COUTHOUY SMITH. New York: Harold Vinal. 1925.
POEMS. By SUSAN CLAY. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour. 1925.
A REED FOR PAN. By SOPHIE SOLOW. New York: Blue Faun Publications. 1925. $2.
WINGS TO DARE. By GRACE HOFFMAN WHITE. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. 1925.
THE BANQUET AND OTHER POEMS. By FRANCES FLETCHER. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. 1925. $2.
CROSSES OF GOLD. By CARESSE CROSBY. Paris: Albert Messein. 1925.
ROPES AND THREADS. By MARY ATWATER TAYLOR. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. 1925.
COSMEN—EXILES. By JOHN G. JURY. Berkeley, California: Published by the Author. 1925.
WELLESLEY VERSE. Edited by MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD. Oxford University Press. 1925. $2.
DARTMOUTH VERSE. With Introduction by ROBERT FROST. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. 1925.
AMHERST UNDERGRADUATE VERSE. Compiled by DAVID MORTON. Boston: The Marshall Jones Co. 1925.
THE AUTUMN TRAIL. By SAMUEL MINTURN PECK. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press. 1925. $1.25.
DIE SCHONSTE LENGEVITCH. By K. M. S. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1925. $2.
RICKETY RIMES OF RIQ. Chicago: Robert O. Ballou. 1925.

Reviewed by WILIAM ROSE BENÉT

WHAT a quantity of attractive little books of verses! This is only a tithe of those that flutter regularly into the office of a Book Review. It is interesting to note how much care has been expended, often, upon format and binding. For instance B. G. G. of "Blue Faun Publications" asserts on the wrapper of "A Reed for Pan,"

> Every book I publish must, to me, have some compelling appeal, some distinct quality that distinguishes it from the pitiful ruck of the all-too-prevalent insipidity and mediocrity,—
>
> and therefore
>
> this (the first edition of this book) is printed throughout on fine stock, in beautiful Bodoni types . . . hand-bound, linen back, Kinkami boards—black, maculated with gold; deep green Toyogami label; both papers hand made, imported from Japan. With a reproduction of the auletris from the Ludovisi Throne by way of frontispiece, and an ornament drawn by the author. Extra label tipped in. Two dollars, net, per copy.

After reading all that, one is inclined to think that a Cellini has been designing a book for a Medici, and yet the actual appearance of the typography of the book is distinctly unattractive to us. The quotation Miss Solow chooses to enhance her title is as unoriginal as

My boon
To be a tuneful reed for Pan to play! . . .

We cannot imagine a worse motto. And it is from her first poem. Her phantasy (so spelt) "Meteorites" and her subway group, "Subterraneana," are recommended by her publisher as sufficient proof of her superiority as a poet. We read them first, therefore. The *Theme* of "Meteorites" goes as follows:

The stars
Are one-eyed wolves
Peering over the edge of night.

Some of them
Lose their balance.

We are sorry it does go like that, but so it goes! And worse follows. Then we went back to the beginning and read the book through. There is better work also. But the best of the contents is not nearly good enough to merit the fanfare of the publisher.

We have taken "A Reed for Pan" as a symptom. We are glad to see publishers endeavoring to pay attention to the proper æsthetic clothing of poetry. But why not wait till the poetry really merits superior clothing? Roydon Burke's volume, privately printed (incidentally in much better taste), is another case in point. The book is really beautifully designed and printed by Perry Walton of Boston. But the verse within is almost entirely negligible. The Mosher Press has a considerable reputation and makes really beautiful little books. Yet Grace Hoffman White's "Wings to Dare" and Mary Atwater Taylor's "Ropes and Threads" have hardly sufficient significance to merit their chaste and beautiful enshrining. Here is some graceful and competent writing, and a deal of derivation and a deal of pale pastel. Miss Taylor writes better than Miss White. She has more to say. She is even mildly clever at times. But nowhere in any of these volumes can this reviewer honestly say that he has found gold.

Dorrance & Company specializes now in a series of Contemporary Poets, a worthy enterprise. Gertrude Nason Carver's "Jupiter's Moons" revealed quite a bit of originality. Frances Fletcher, in her "The Banquet," has at least one good phrase in "Undertone,"

I like most diverse things:
Rainy days, gallery seats,
Queer people, trifling feats
Of artistry that fling
THEIR NETTLE POINTS OF FIRE
Upon the unchastened world.

We like the line that we, not Miss Fletcher, have capitalized. But so far in this summary we have, verily, dealt only with "trifling feats of artistry," and we desire to find something more than that.

We turn therefore to Madeline Mason-Manheim, introduced by Arthur Symons and illustrated by, no less, Kahlil Gibran. "Her verses are musical in the highest sense of the word," says Symons, to whom we would fain listen with attention. Yes, they have rhythm, free rhythm. She is a celebrant of beauty and a familiar of sorrow, a young girl and a rhapsodist; but here is certainly no particular distinction of phrase

(*Continued on next page*)

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

or epithet, no true mastery of style, and only a very faint flavor of personality. Take

NARCISSUS

What sudden ecstasy of earth
Hath made thee, star-spray?
O, Swift blossomings from darkness!
O, the quick coming of winds
Bearing strange perfumes!
O, the sudden trembling of stars
In our hands!

That has beauty, it has a certain felicitous spontaneity, but the writing of poetry is a far more arduous craft, for all its concealment of means, than the workmanship shown in these lines. And poetry is also a triumph of intuition and of inspired words something more than the intuition and inspiration revealed here. A very slight measure of both, indeed, is revealed.

Caresee Crosby is a young American sculptress living in Paris. Her "Crosses of Gold" is by-product. Single lines have occasional charm. There is little more. Marion Couthouy Smith is a name faimliar to followers of magazine poetry and her "Sphinx of Flight" is one of Mr. Vinal's new publications. It is an attractive little book with nothing especially distinguished in its contents. Mr. Jury's "Cosmen—Exiles," "a drama of life in symbol and fantasy," is a pretentious work which it is impossible to read through. The Williams Printing Company of San Francisco, who have brought out the book, speak of the "searchlight" of the author's imagination. The writer would out-Shelley Shelley. And only by attempting to read the book can one realize the infinite superiority of Shelley and the gulf between a real imagination and power of language and, well, "Cosmen—Exiles."

K. M. S. (Kurt M. Stein) of Chicago—to drop from the sublime—accomplished a great deal more when he created a new kind of Hans Breitmann verse and contributed it to B. L. T.'s old column in the Chicago *Tribune*. He, at least, did a definitely different kind of verse excellently and should be remembered as a dialect writer. "The rickety rimes of riq" (Richard Atwater), are another example of "colyum" verse of originality and cleverness. He introduces "K. M. S.'s" book and shows that as a practising light versifier he has a right to do so. And a slight but interesting poetess of Chicago is Susan Clay, whose tiny book has more bite of phrase to it than those of any of the poetesses we have previously examined. We salute Miss Susan Clay for most pleasing lapidary work. By far the most unobtrusive of the books we have assayed, her small volume comes nearer to being what we understand by poetry than any of the others. As for Samuel Minturn Peck's "The Autumn Trail," we like the author and his pleasant simple lines, but we cannot find his work of great value.

And so we come to three college anthologies, of which Wellesley Verse is naturally the best, being a collection from the published work of graduates of Wellesley from 1875 to 1925. Wellesley numbers some distinguished poets among her graduates. Here are the names of Sophie Jewett, Margaret Sherwood, Katherine Lee Bates, Josephine Preston Peabody, Margaret Steele Anderson, Florence Wilkinson Evans, and Florence Converse. Likewise we see the work of Isabel Fiske Conant, Jeannette Marks, Dorothea Lawrance Mann, Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, and others. These are all women who have achieved.

The book of Dartmouth undergradute verse has Mr. Robert Frost's *imprimatur* and the book of Amherst undergraduate verse that of Mr. David Morton. Both collections reflect credit upon the undergraduates and their compilers and introducers. We are certainly not going to attempt to say which book is the best! Suffice it that this evidence of the pursuit of poetry at two of our most famous New England colleges is decidedly enheartening. Luck to all these ski-jumpers and younger gods of art!

The equipment of the novelist has stood Alfredo Panzini in good stead in his capacity of historian, for his "La Vera Istoria dei Fre Colori" (Milan: Mondadori), recently issued, is a history of Italy which is presented with charm of manner and a sense for dramatic values. It is an outspoken book, which one does not hesitate to make light of many cherished Italian attitudes of mind, but, especially in its chronicle of contemporary affairs, it is an exceedingly interesting one.

Ancient Egypt

ANCIENT EGYPT FROM THE RECORDS. By M. E. MONCTON JONES. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1924. $3.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by F. STRINGFELLOW BARR
University of Virginia

"POPULARIZING" history is not an easy task at best. The result is usually a journalistic narrative based on folk beliefs—in our own literature, based generally on democratic folk-myths. Under Mr. H. G. Wells's microscope, Alexander and Napoleon are discovered mere monsters of egotism and perhaps they did do very little to make the world safe for certain things we moderns admire. Presenting "the man in the street"—the phrase belongs to the introduction of "Ancient Egypt from the Records"—with an Egypt that he can recognize as part of human life bids fair to transform ancient Egypt. Presenting him with what an intelligent Egyptologist may believe was the real Egypt, is not likely to be either "popular" or comprehensible. But particularly since the War, the man in the street will have his history; and particularly since the Carnarvon discoveries he will have his Egypt. History and the social sciences are going to be presented to him by somebody. How is it to be done?

The present volume is in many respects an answer. Following for the most part the conclusions of Professor Breasted, the writer gives in 235 pages a reasonably complete survey of Egypt from its beginnings to the Roman domination. The treatment lays no claim to originality; but it boasts two virtues not often discovered in books on Egypt; it avoids a positive tone in handling conjectural details and at the same time is not confusing to the beginner. This is by no means a negligible success. Naturally no new or exciting theories are promulgated, though the doubtful question of totemistic origins is boldly touched on. Perhaps the chief virtue of the book is that the author knows when to leave out, a more dignified method of simplification than substituting popular notions for historic problems. Though basing her work on the actual archæological "records," the author never clutters the reader's mind with true but unnecessary details. It is difficult to believe that anybody with ordinary intellectual curiosity could fail to find this work suggestive; and the reviewer doubts if there is available a clearer brief account of the Nile civilization for that same "man in the street."

"Religious Life in Ancient Egypt" is a curious example of the difficulty of popularizing. Mr. Flinders Petrie enjoys perhaps as high a reputation for his scholarly contributions to Egyptology as any man living today. It was his labor with that of others that made possible "Ancient Egypt from the Records," a fact its author gladly proclaims. But this is not the first time he has proven himself unfit to give a "popular account." His name will of course sell his book. It is very pleasant to the man in the street to have an eminent scholar serve him. But most often such service flatters more than it satisfies. Mr. Petrie knows the value to human thought of all the material under his hand. But either his book is pearls before swine, or else the man in the street can justly complain of bad service, depending on one's point of view. Briefly there is a misfit somewhere, and Mr. Petrie has not accomplished half so satisfactorily the thing that Mr. Brian Brown's "Wisdom of the Egyptians" achieved this year. Yet, once again, this work too was made possible partly by Mr. Petrie's scholarly labors. For the student already reasonably familiar with Egyptian history, "Religious Life in Ancient Egypt" will be found an excellent compilation of the practical phases of Egyptian religious life rather than the theology of the priesthood; this claim of the author's is fully justified. To anybody lacking such a background, the book will remain largely a catalogue.

With only these two volumes to judge from, one would conclude that if history is to be popularly told, it can best be done by those who, while intellectually able to understand the technical findings of scholars, yet know which of those findings are significant to the uninitiated reader.

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A Letter from England

By EDWIN MUIR

THE most considerable event of the last few weeks has been the publication almost simultaneously of two books by Mrs. Virginia Woolf: "The Common Reader," her first volume of essays, and "Mrs. Dalloway," perhaps her finest novel. Mrs. Woolf is a writer at once so richly gifted by nature and so accomplished that in noting what she does not achieve, and what she probably does not set out to achieve, one is almost certain to overlook some of the things which she achieves in every page. In "The Common Reader" virtue after virtue, of expression, of thought, of wit, of judgment, unfolds before us. There have been few books of criticism written in the last few years which have been at once so informal, so sound, and so full of illuminating appreciation. Mrs. Woolf has neither the severe air nor the formal phraseology, nor the self-conscious technique, of the critic; she criticises without setting out to "write criticism," and her culture is less an instrument of attack directed against any work she may happen to be considering (to find out its weak points) than a luminous atmosphere in which the virtues of the work shine with a new clarity. The critic should be concerned with the virtues of a work of art, should point them out, to use Pater's analogy, as the physician points out the virtues of a herb. His task should be positive first of all, which means that it should be negative as well, but only in the second place, as the necessary defect of a positive quality. Criticism of this kind is not only the best; it is also the most difficult to write, for it engages a greater number of powers of the mind than the other kind, enlisting the imagination as well as the intellect, natural sympathy as well as formal culture. It is not too high praise of Mrs. Woolf's criticism to say that she does evoke the peculiar virtues of the writers she treats, whether it is Chaucer or Addison, George Eliot or the Brontës. Her criticism is in the best English tradition; it is concerned with qualities, that is, living attributes, of a work or a writer, rather than with those general categories and principles which, sometimes of immense value to a particular generation, have the disadvantage of always being settled and never being settled. On the writers of the past, where appreciation can be free, she is more sure than on contemporaries. For these we cannot criticize without bringing principles and categories into play, without, in other words, taking sides; for we are all in the age, or in a part of it, and are all concerned far more immediately with it than we are with Addison and George Eliot. The great critics of the past, who decided the taste of a generation, were all men holding literary principles which we recognize were necessary to their particular age, as a generalized expression of it, but to which we accord no longer any permanent applicability. These critics were great and useful insofar as they applied their principles soundly; as Johnson applied the principles of eighteenth century literature, and Coleridge those of the Romantic School. Both of them justified their age, and every age needs its justification if it is to have hope and bear fruit. A critic of this order can scarcely appear in an age so experimental as ours; but criticism such as Mrs. Woolf's, which apprehends so many of our problems and regards without prejudice and without pessimism the attempts which are being made to find a solution for them in a stable convention, must be in the highest degree useful. If her comments on contemporary literature are conditional, it is because honesty compels the critic for the time being to be nothing more.

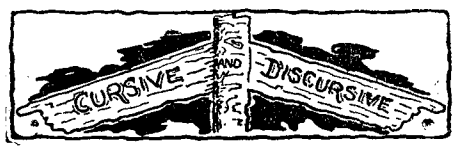
Like "The Common Reader," "Mrs. Dalloway" is crammed with exquisite qualities, is at once fastidious and full, and is ambitious enough to draw out the author's resources. The atmosphere of London on a summer's day has surely never been rendered before with such skill; and if the characters occasionally fade into the atmosphere, and become a part of a London day, instead of the day becoming a part of them, it is because the day is the chief character, the supreme entity, in the book. This summer's day, with its changes from hour to hour, its parks, its streets, its shops, its traffic, its sunshine, its bells casting down the hours, is as authentically an artistic entity as a truly drawn character or a tragic scene could be. The characters exist only as participants in the day; but participating in the day, feeling its influence rather than impressing themselves upon it, becoming, as it were, a part of its minutes, its hours, its changes, unconsciously or consciously, they leave it with its unity, its completeness in itself. Because the day is recognized as primary, Mrs. Woolf's record of it is unified and complete. For the unity of the day is the only imaginative unity which a work of this kind can have, and the consistency with which Mrs. Woolf has given all her happenings the atmosphere of the day shows how completely her imagination has grasped the theme, for it is singleness of imagination which finally gives a work unity. These two books are an impressive demonstration of Mrs. Woolf's powers.

In "St. Mawr" Mr. Lawrence has made an oblation to formlessness which, one feels, must be supreme and decisive; he can hardly go farther than this without discarding imaginative presentation altogether, and it seems on the face of it impossible that a writer with such a powerful gift for imaginative presentation should desert it. Of course Mr. Lawrence's theorizings are not to be despised; they have something of the quality of his genius; they are deeply and truly felt even if they are hastily expressed, as if they were a message which must be delivered at once as a warning to the world. We feel the force of this warning when Mr. Lawrence utters it in his own voice; but it is completely falsified when he puts it in the mouths of imaginary characters and creates a fanciful world in which it is listened to and has its due effect. The world he describes in "St. Mawr" is a sort of utopia, in which the problem which engages him is made infinitely less tremendous than it is in reality; for here, going farther than he can know, he works the problem out to his satisfaction, but certainly not as it would be worked out in the world of reality. But apart from the twist which the blending of apostolic truth and fancy gives the book, it contains magnificent things: the characterization of the horse, St. Mawr, the descriptions of landscape, and some of the dialogue. If Mr. Lawrence would separate his modes of expression; if he would tell us in one mode what he wishes life to be, or rather, what he feels it should be, and in another, what he sees it is, his work would regain its congruity. It becomes incongruous only when, in his imaginative portrayal, which at his best is a revelation of life, he attributes his own feelings and thoughts to people who would never have them. This is the untenable stage which he has reached at present, and which can only be temporary, for it is consistent with a falsity of vision profoundly foreign to Mr. Lawrence's most fundamental qualities.

Two other novels of some importance have appeared: Mr. William Gerhardi's "The Polyglots," and Mr. E. L. Grant Watson's "Daimon." The former is a brilliant performance of its kind; the latter has no brilliance, but it has a seriousness and depth which are, perhaps, more rare. Mr. Gerhardi seems to possess all the qualities of a fine novelist except concentration. His characterization has vigor and sureness; his sense of comedy is both unusual and true; he has abundant wit, more intellectual power than most novelists, and his purpose is serious. "The Polyglots" is a study of a set of mixed nationality and mixed morals in a Russianized town in China after the War. There can be no question of Mr. Gerhardi's powers, and when they have been disciplined he may become a writer of some importance. Mr. Grant Watson's novel has no superficial attractions; parts of it are amateurish and stiff, and the conclusion is an ambitious failure; but there are several profoundly imagined and beautiful scenes in it; it has continuously a certain universality of feeling; and the main theme, the life-long conflict of character between two people who love each other, is treated with a relentlessness without cruelty which is rare except in writers considerably greater than the author.

In his "Der Krieg zur See, 1914-1918" (Mittler) Captain Groos apportions a considerable part of his space to the much-discussed Battle of Jutland. Unfortunately for students of history he writes rather as a member of the German navy than with the detachment of this historian, and as result his account which claims a victory for the Germans will not carry the weight that it might otherwise have done. Nevertheless his book is a valuable one, with its battle plans, appendixes, and lists of signals. The German battle orders and tactical memoranda, however, are not included in Captain Gross's volume.

"Routabaga Stories," by Carl Sandburg, has recently been issued in a fine French translation under the title "Au Pays de Routabaga" (Rieder). The book has an introduction by Léon Bazalgette.



COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM is still being published! We recently purchased Number 196 of his "Buffalo Bill Border Stories" in a bright and neat New Hampshire town. There are now over two hundred titles to this series, the last being brought out,—at least according to the volume in our hand,—in December 1924. Great indeed is Buffalo Bill, and Colonel Prentiss Ingraham is his prophet.

Sundry adventures have befallen us, on this week's vacation to New Hampshire, but surely the greatest was coming upon a few of the Colonel's brightly-jacketed brochures in the briskly modern drug-store of a certain New England town. The chief adventure before that had been the picking-up, in Worcester, Mass., of a small second-hand Corona, very early model, from which the japanning had been removed, giving it a suavely silvered complexion. It fitted into an adapted case that made us feel like a local doctor, as we carried it down the street. This peerless machine set us back—complete—seventeen fifty; and, so far, it has not broken down. It is the pride and joy of our present existence, for all its primitive shifts. (How far, indeed, it is from the splendid new Corona Four! But then, how light-as-a-feather!) Yet, now that we have encountered the Colonel in these wilds, even the rapture of this unexpected acquisition has paled by comparison.

Of course you have heard of the Colonel! You remember that he and John Billings and Ned Buntline, all intimate friends of William F. Cody, used to foregather in the office of Francis S. Smith, then proprietor of the *New York Weekly*. If you don't remember, buy one of the Border Stories for the regular price of fifteen cents and visualize for yourself that dingy little office on Rose Street, New York City, and the conversations concerning the wild-and-woolly that there eventuated, resulting in Ingraham and Buntline's numerous narratives of Buffalo Bill for the firm of Street & Smith. That is how these western stories once began—over two hundred (as we have noted) being finally produced by Ingraham alone.

The title of the one we now possess is "Buffalo Bill, The Whirlwind." The series started with "Buffalo Bill, the Border King." And immediately Colonel Ingraham seemed to be in the grip of an inexhaustible inspiration. "Buffalo Bill's Raid" followed, then his Bravery, his Trump Card, his Pledge, his Vengeance, his Iron Grip, his Capture, his Danger Line, his Comrades, his Reckoning, his Warning, "Buffalo Bill at Bay," his Buckskin Pards, his Brand, his Honor, his Phantom Hunt. Later came more alliteration and even more dramatic titles. We select: "Buffalo Bill and the Doomed Dozen," "Buffalo Bill's Buckskin Bravos," "Buffalo Bill's Weird Warning," "Buffalo Bill's Black Fortune," "Buffalo Bill's Bowie Duel," "Buffalo Bill's Panther Fight,"—while title numbers 111 and 112 constitute the thrilling couplet:

Buffalo Bill and the Overland Mail.
Buffalo Bill on the Deadwood Trail.

Colonel Ingraham's style is intensely graphic. CHAPTER 1. JOE TEMPEST of our own volume plunges *in medias res* in this fashion:

"Cody, if I ever meet him, I'll have his life!" The speaker's dark eyes kindled and his face flamed with rage. It was a dark, handsome face, the face of a young man, with a certain wild beauty that was very attractive and remarkable.

And the first thing Cody and he know—they have been trotting along for only four short pages, in the course of which Tempest has related the sensational kidnapping of his sister by the hated Ben Magoon,—the first thing he and Cody know here comes Leona Dare, Queen of the Gypsies, riding hell-for-leather. The beauty of the face of Leona Dare is "a magnet," though, when she got excited "the gypsy queen's face was so red that it looked fairly black" (she wasn't always pretty!). She has, of course, a jealous gypsy lover, and the Sioux obligingly make an immediate raid upon the gypsy camp. Leona is captured, and, of course, a young Indian chief envisages her as considerable ornament to his tepee. But Ben Magoon pops up. The action then begins to seethe. Magoon talks an interesting *patois*, "Aire you clean daffy?", etc., etc. When Leona has neatly hypnotized the Indian chief, Ben opines, "That's the first redskin I ever saw that caged a nest of bats in his turret," and "You're rather a cool duck!" he says insolently to Leona. Ben is certainly an awfully tough guy!

Buffalo Bill "comes through" in great fashion by rescuing Leona, Tempest, and Dick Dirk, the gypsy lover, from Ben Magoon and the Sioux. There is a fierce running fight in which prodigies of valour are performed by Cody. The hypnotized Sioux chief, Red Lightning, is also carried away upon the Colonel's saddle. The Sioux chase Cody and his party into a last stand among the rocks, where Tempest felicitously shoots Magoon, Dirk happily expires, Tempest gets Leona, the Sioux are defeated,—and after that Cody pilots the whole gypsy party to Garcelon Spings, where Tempest is inducted into the gypsy tribe. Buffalo Bill then departs to scoutings new.

But do you think that's the end of the book? Oh, not at all! Colonel Ingraham gives one nothing if not good measure. The scene is immediately shifted to Arizona, where Cody falls in fortuitously with Ned Nobody, the Man With The Steel Arm. This individual afterward turns out to be the White Wonder medicine man of the Pimas, and retrieves his lost "darter" from the Apaches after the Apaches and the Pimas have had a most exciting fight for a pueblo. Here is a complication of aphasia and mistaken identity; here are mysterious secret passages in the pueblo, a breathless escape, battling canoes,—and then, having rescued the White Wonder and his agile daughter from the Apaches, off rides Buffalo Bill for the bad lands and that cabin in the Black Hills where "Pawnee Bill" (Major Gordon Lillie) awaits him.

Follows the still more imaginative yarn of Pawnee Bill, Wild Bill, Dashing Dan (the Renegade), General Brown's men, Ruel Lispenard, and the persistent Sioux. The account of how Wild Bill made a balloon of a tent, thus hoisting certain of his comrades out of reach of the Redskins, shows a particularly lively fancy. General Brown's story of how Ralph Burton, his nephew, became the Renegade, Dashing Dan (he specialized in a greyish wig and a false mustache), is in the best ten-twent'-thirt' tradition. And the final words of Buffalo Bill to Crazy Horse introduce a distinctly historical touch—for almost the first time!—though the great scout's view of the gold rush to the Black Hills could hardly have coincided with that of, say, Helen Hunt Jackson. There is good measure of action, however, pressed down and running over.

Perhaps this partial résumé may give some rough idea of Colonel Ingraham's art. His great gift to posterity is the preservation of the Wild West in "the light that never was on sea or land." His style, as Frederick Remington might have put it, is "style with the bark on." He scamps psychology and chafes at description until the bullets fly and the bowie knives are out. But then with what enormous gusto he "pushes his pen"! A bloodcurdling and hairbreadth escape is his very meat and drink.

In the Colonel's two hundred or so volumes we have a genuine American myth presented with the gaudiest pigments and an unconscious brilliance of phantasy; we have a combination of the old Wild West Show and the old melodrama imperishably preserved. When we read of Buffalo Bill:

His head was bare, his hair floated in the wind, and his eyes flashed fire. He bored a way through the retreating troopers, reached the side of the few brave men who stood ringing in their gallant general, and, leaping down, took his place in their midst. The white pony he abandoned. He had not been able to give timely warning to General Brown, but now that his general had been caught he was ready to defend him to the last.

His war cry rose as loudly and defiantly as that of any Indian who that day yelled hatred of the defiant white men. His revolvers spoke, seeming to send forth twin streams of fire.

—when we read that, we must asknowledge the Homeric touch; clash of spear and shield reverberate from shadows, encrimsoned Scamander; beside the well-greased Achæns stands the buckskinned Kansas scout. *Ohé*, Achilles!—without even the heel of Achilles. Words were only fashioned for the celebration of doughty deeds. Hail the red and yellow legend of that perpetual mirage of stirring romance that was and is the Golden West! Its epic chronicler is here.

W. R. B.

The catalogue of the recent William Blades Centenary Exhibition is really a useful bibliography of this famous printer and biographer of Caxton, England's first printer. Thirty-two books by Blades, or produced by him or under his editorship, are listed here. In addition Mr. Berry adds twenty-eight fugitive pieces together with an eleven page list of contributions

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

A SOLDIER'S MEMORIES. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR G. YOUNGHUSBAND. Dutton. 1925. $5.

General Younghusband's forty-odd years of service in England, Africa, and India would appear to have moulded him into a perfectly cast type of the British officer and gentleman, with the sterling qualities and shortcomings of both. His memoirs, like so many of their ilk, depend for their saleability on the usual series of anecdotes with little narrational value, "points" which would be unacceptable to an American newspaper cartoonist, a slightly redeeming amount of local quaintness, and a star cast of army officers of the highest rank. Also one might sentimentally touch on the customary bluff sincerity of the honest soldier's *méthode*, while secretly musing on the good or the evil of his glorification of military achievement and army traditions. Be that as it may, however, the reader will be more than apt to react with customary enthusiasm to the tales of nonchalant heroism and boyish gallantry in the isolated and lawless outposts of his Majesty's Empire. Beginning with Sandhurst and his cadetship, General Younghusband carries us to the outbreak of the World War, giving us a few chatty hours of reminiscences without continuity and certainly with no historical objective. As an isolated chapter, that on the Spanish-American War might be of some significance to Americans, particularly in its portrayal of Dewey as a brave fighter but utterly helpless without the expert advice of a handy British captain to aid him win the Battle of Manila.

HESKETH PRICHARD. By *Eric Parker*. Dutton. $5.

FROM PRESIDENT TO PRISON. By *Ferdinand A. Ossendowski*. Dutton. $3.

A SHEAF OF MEMORIES. By *Frank Scudamore*. Dutton. $5.

Drama

THERE CAME TWO WOMEN. By HERBERT QUICK. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $1.25.

This four-act play is a curious and not altogether successful attempt to dramatize a realistic, conventional story in the terms of the stage and the language of blank verse. As the title suggests, two women claim a child,—one the real mother, and the other the foster-mother who has secretly brought it from the home where it was being cared for, to pass it off as her own. The situation should be dramatic; perhaps it might be if it were not so long drawn out and if the dialogue, which should be simple and realistic as the South Dakota characters that speak it, had not been carefully set down in iambic-pentameters.

THE CHIEF BRITISH DRAMATISTS. Edited by *Brander Matthews* and *Paul Robert Liedes*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

TI-ME-KUN-DAN. Translated by *Millicent H. Morrison*. Dutton. $1.50.

Fiction

MR. BISBEE'S PRINCESS. By JULIAN STREET. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

Mr. Street's title story was recently featured in *The Red Book Magazine*. While far from being a masterpiece, it is a capable study of human nature, in the person of an entirely American business man who meets a strange and fascinating lady on the train, on the way back from a convention. Mr. Bisbee is grossly misunderstood in his own town, and thereby hangs the tale. The other long short stories in the volume are "A Speaking Likeness" and "Syringas." Of these we liked the latter best. None of the people in the former appealed to us, and we didn't care much what happened to any of them.

Mr. Street writes gracefully, and is a little more than average psychologist. As a satirist, in his former "Sunbeams, Inc.", he had our heartiest support for his thesis. But, in passing, we do not see why both his editor and his publisher should have so "played up" the fact that it took Mr. Street three months to write "Mr. Bisbee's Princess." What has that got to do with it? Is the excellence of fiction measured by a time-clock?

On the whole we do not see that these three collected stories will serve either to increase or decrease Mr. Street's reputation as a talented writer of light fiction. He is all right as far as he goes. His is a cultivated style and an urbane acquaintance with the leser ironies of life, and he knows how to handle the material he chooses. Further than that there is nothing to say.

DR. RICARDO. By WILLIAM GARRETT. Appleton. 1925. $2.

Mr. Garrett's tale is a cleverly constructed story, one in which the mystery is sustained to the end, and the plot advances to its conclusion without the introduction of extraneous characters and resort to false clues. It has sufficient of stirring incident in it to lend it excitement, and yet little enough to escape the reproach of being melodramatic. And if the solution of its problem as to the identity of the murderer of a man whose arrest as a blackmailer is being sought is not arrived at without the employment of a device familiar to detective literature, still that device is not apparent until the moment of the clearing up of the mystery. The book holds the interest throughout, and has a compactness of narrative, together with a regard for the plausibilities, that lifts it above the general ruck of detective stories.

THE GOOSE WOMAN. By REX BEACH. Harpers. 1925. $2.

Mr. Beach knows how to construct an acceptable magazine story. These magazine stories of his, now gathered together, make good light reading. Embedded in each there is a neat and clean love-story of recognizable pattern. In each, except in "Cool Waters" the fellow gets the girl, after going through *sturm und drang*. In "Cool Waters" the wife is miraculously brought back to life at the end by the mysterious psychological effect of an oil gusher unexpectedly "coming in," and she and her husband presumably go "back home" with a fortune, and hence (from the fiction point of view) with the assurance of living happily ever after. All the stories fulfil that necessary periodical requirement, to "leave a good taste in the mouth." All the women in them but two are without fault or flaw, and one of these exceptions is so bad as to make an excellent "villainness." All the heroes are two-fisted, reliable, energetic heroes, with laudable sentiments. In other words, Mr. Beach's view of life as displayed in these stories is distinctly collegiate, "old style."

As to his material. For his title story he has adapted to his own uses a dramatic character who figured in a sensational crime of several years ago that was, for a long time, "front page stuff" in many newspapers. He has changed the celebrated "pig woman" into a "goose woman," made her a "forgotten darling of grand opera" who has deteriorated since the loss of her voice into a slatternly gin-swilling harridan. She hates her son, for in bearing him she lost her voice and her "career." And so on. Mr. Beach motivates his story with rather heavy strokes, but it is all there, melodramatic but well knit together. The juveniles fall into each other's arms at the end and the half-witted religious fanatic gets the burnt end of the stick. The characters are sufficiently human, if heavy.

In the next tale, "Cave Stuff," Mr. Beach's humorous-heroic Marcel, the French valet, is obvious "stock." The Alaskan background is used and the underlying theme is "sure fire": that of the insulted and injured finally ruling the roost in the end. This theme is of constant appeal to all readers of ephemeral fiction. "The Michigan Kid" is also, as the publishers put it, "played out against an Alaskan backdrop." Here we have the stock bad-man, the gambler suspected of murder, who really turns out to be one of nature's noblemen and gets a thoroughly good girl for reward in the end, the good girl incidentally coming into a fortune at the same time. He himself has also made one. But all his "games were square." And he has twice "been through hell" for his girl.

"Cool Waters" and "'Powder'" are chiefly interesting for their background, the Southwestern oil country. We learn about several "fishing jobs" which hold up the drilling of oil wells, one of which finally "comes in" to make a fortune for a man and wife who have endured the blistering hell of the dessert. The other, presumably, "comes in" also makes a fortune for a preyed-upon heroine, after blowing the "villain of the piece" sky-high because of his evil machinations with nitre. Mr. Beach handles the conversation of plain men convincingly and salts it acceptably with the jargon used in the land of oil derricks. His "local color" is interesting.

The plots of these stories "feature," of

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books
Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

course, foregone conclusions. There is nothing subtle about the human types with whom Mr. Beach deals, and there is nothing subtle about the triumphs he concocts for them. But he knows how to work out a story succinctly and graphically. As we have said, his yarns are well-knit. They are well enough knit to make us wish that the "love interest" he feels he must put into them were not so obviously "rubber stamp." Mr. Beach is good at giving us the oil-country background with salient strokes. He does not fake, he has observed on the spot. If he had not such a stereotyped method of dealing with human beings, and could present his principals more "in the round" against such backgrounds, a certain dramatic power in his writing would go for more. "The Goose Woman" remains his most interesting character, because the mere sketch he makes of her life history suggests to the imagination a powerful novel; but it is a novel in search of a master. Mr. Beach is content to fit the sketch into a neatly carpentered magazine thriller.

THE DEDUCTIONS OF COLONEL GORE. By LYNN BROCK. Harpers. 1925. $2.

Colonel Gore began his deductions when he came back to England, after years of foreign service, and found himself at the Melhuish dinner-party. Pretty Mrs. Melhuish, who had been a great pal of his in old times, was now married to that rather grim and cool-blooded doctor. Why, standing by the bowl of chrysanthemums on the piano, did she speak in that odd way to the fascinating Mr. Barrington? Mr. Barrington, Colonel Gore observed, was the kind of man who draws women's eyes as he crosses the room. Their color "brightens beneath the flattery of his look," their voices are "tinged with the subtle challenge of their sex." The reader, as well as Colonel Gore, deduces that Mr. Barrington is a bit of a bird. When pretty little Babs Melhuish whispers—audibly, else no story—"If the door is shut, go away. I may not be able to manage tonight"—the cheerful reader begins to hear the tinkle of fracturing Stone Tables.

A thoroughly competent detective story; one that throws enough cantilevers across the Rubicon to keep even the sophisticated modern reader gently entertained; though the stop-light always flashes just before trans-fluminal traffic begins. "Lynn Brock," the publisher's jacket says, is the "pen name of a noted author;" but the book is copyrighted in the same name; can copyrighting be done under a pseudoym? In any event the connoisseur of mystery tales will find here one worthy of his evening hours. We like Colonel Gore; he is one of those gentlemanly, quietly courageous, pipe-and-whiskey-loving British army officers who are the favorite creation of lady novelists (is Lynn Brock a feminine person?). Let's hear from him again.

THE WHISPERING LANE. By FERGUS HUME. Small Maynard. 1925. $2.

It is a good many years since "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" captured the British and American public but although fashions in fiction, including the mystery story, have changed greatly Mr. Hume has not been left behind by the procession. This yarn shows the complex ingenuity of plot that marked his earlier stories, and the plot is the whole thing in this variety of detective-puzzle story. One does not mind greatly if the actors are mere automata, if they are not too wooden. This one involves a properly sinister villian, a doctor who has committed a preliminary murder to lay a foundation for the action of this piece. He is then found murdered, himself, on the premises of the woman whom he has been trying to blackmail. Problem: prove the lady's innocence. It runs into spiritualism, with a highly modernized ghost, and it also drops into a London Chinese opium den where there is a first class fight as a climax to the strenuous action of the plot. It is something of a "thriller" as well as a puzzle story.

RED ASHES. By *Margaret Pedler*. Doran. $2. net.

THE SECRET OF BOGEY HOUSE. By *Herbert Adams*. Lippincott. $2.

THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY. By *James Oliver Curwood*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

ASHE OF RINGS. By *Mary Butts Paris*. Three Mountains Press.

KNIGHT AT ARMS. By *H. C. Bailey*. Dutton. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE HISTORY OF MANON LESCAUT. By *L'Abbé Prévost.* Translated by *George Dunning Gribble* (Broadway Translations). Dutton. $3.

HARWOOD. By *Arthur O. Friel.* Penn. $2.

FAME. By *Micheline Keating.* Putnams. $2.

CHARMEUSE. By *E. Temple Thurston.* Putnams. $2.

MY LADY LEE. By *Edith Ballinger Price.* Greenberg. $2.50.

THE TALE OF GENJI. By *Lady Murasaki.* Translated by *Arthur Waley.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Miscellaneous

SKIPPY. By PERCY L. CROSBY. Greenberg. 1925.

Readers of *Life* who have made the acquaintance of Mr. Percy L. Crosby's entertaining urchin, Skippy, will be glad to meet their young friend in the greater permanence of book form. He has once more before made his appearance between boards, but this time under the aegis of a new publisher he appears in colored illustrations as well as in black and white drawings. He is an amusing and mischievous youngster, and Mr. Crosby has drawn him in a great variety of moods,—disconsolate in the rain, announcing "if she don't show up pretty soon, I'm goin' to bust this date—that's all"; progresing from drugstore to drugstore with a tape-measure to discover the girth of their respective soda glasses before investing his money; proving to his father that the responsibility is God's, not his, if he is not good; bursting in upon his mother's tea-party to inquire whether it's all right for him "to start that clean towel" she put in the bathroom; keeping the weekend guest from his bath while he preempts the tub for his toy sailing vessel, and a hundred other pranks. Mr. Oliver Herford supplies a graceful introduction for the small boy.

THE EFFICIENT KITCHEN. By GEORGIE BOYNTON CHILD. McBride. $2 net.

This is a revised edition of a handbook of directions for planning and equipping the modern labor-saving kitchen. It is an excellent manual, well-arranged, sensibly devised, and practical in its suggestions. The seasoned housewife will appreciate its wisdom while the novice would do well to accept its guidance.

REST AND GROW STRONG. By EDWARD HUNTINGTON WILLIAMS and EDWARD BRYANT HOAG. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $2.50.

The authors of this practical and reliable guide to health have written their book in non-scientific terms of direct appeal to the lay reader. It is so methodically simple that a child could understand the greater part, and yet so profoundly enlightening that its values should be apparent even to the best informed skeptic. Unsupported theories are entirely absent, the contents being composed of authentic cases and examples, with their separate methods of treatment, which have come either directly under the observation of the authors or of fellow physicians whose word is equally trustworthy.

The comparatively new science and study of the glands, as important factors in human health and disease, is explained and analyzed at a length essential to approximate understanding; so too are the more recent developments in therapeutic psychol-

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE COMMON READER. By VIRGINIA WOOLF (Harcourt, Brace).

A POETRY RECITAL. By JAMES STEPHENS (Macmillan).

THE LETTERS OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Edited by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON (Dial Press).

L. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I do not want to be a lawyer or a physician, but I do want to have a comprehensive view of United States law from a layman's viewpoint, and to know, with more than my present erudition, how the human body functions and how to take care of it." In other words, he wants books that will help him keep well and out of trouble.

K. C. TURNER'S "Studies in American Elementary Law," second edition published by Flood, Chicago, 1921, is one of the books with which the first part of this plan may be carried out. The other is "Materials and Methods of Legal Research," by Frederick C. Hicks, published by the Lawyers' Coöperative Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y., 1923. The author has not only a thorough knowledge of his subject, but exceptional opportunities for learning the needs of readers like L. W.

J. F. Williams's "Personal Hygiene Applied" (Saunders, Philadelphia) is a good book for keeping well, with Fisher's "How to Live Long," second edition, one of the publications of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. "The Human Body and Its Care," by John S. Engs (Christopher Pub. House), should be added to this collection, and will take care of the subject of physiology for the needs of most readers. But one who wants an exhaustive and valuable work on physiology in general should get the one by Luciani, published by Macmillan in five volumes, of which the fifth volume is "Human Physiology."

Here is a list to keep on hand, judging by the number of calls I have for one or other of its subjects. I need not explain that the books were chosen by experts.

H. E. T., Newburyport, Mass., asks for the best book of etiquette recently published.

THE best book so far, one that I believe will keep its value for a longer time than most of these books, is "Etiquette," by Emily Price Post (Funk & Wagnalls). It is expensive but that has not interfered with its career as a best-seller.

M. G., New York, asks for books of reference sketching briefly the plots of great English and American novels. He has already Lippincott's "The Reader's Handbook," compiled by Ebenezer Brewer; Helen Rex Keller's "The Reader's Digest of Books" (Macmillan), and Grozier's "One Hundred Best Novels" (Harcourt, Brace). He asks if there are others of this sort. These books need not be in print.

ON the shelves of most public libraries may be found a set of eight large volumes published by Malkin some years ago, the "Library of Literary Criticism of English and American Authors," by Charles W. Moulton and others; this is a familiar work, especially to college students in sudden need of knowledge. Another very present help is Baker's "Guide to the Best Fiction" and its companion volume for historical fiction; these are arranged by countries and cover a vast amount of ground. Baker does not give plots in full but tells enough about each book to place it for an intending reader; the historical guide is especially useful. For books of recent publication keep abreast of the *Book Review Digest*, one of the H. W. Wilson monthly publications, which gives a brief summary of the plot and quotations from important reviews. This covers more than fiction, of course, and so does another publication of high value, the American Library Association *Booklist*, appearing monthly and also as an annual.

T. L., New York, asks for the most complete and up-to-date field-book for the determination of wild plants in his section.

THE "Field Book of American Wild Flowers," by F. Schuyler Mathews (Putnam), covers this section and much more: the arrangement is such that an amateur can readily find his flower and though there are 600 pages it is of scarce more than pocket size. There is a corresponding book for trees and shrubs. A useful little book, less expensive and covering less ground, is the "Pocket Nature Guide" for "Wild Flowers East of the Rockies" (Doubleday, Page). Both of these are carefully illustrated, many of the pictures being in color.

W. D., Northampton, Mass., reminds C. O. M., who asks for stories about collecting, that some of the best of these have appeared in magazines: Joseph Hergesheimer's series in the *Saturday Evening Post* and the series by Aaron Davis, for example, appearing in the same magazine last year. There was a set of stories of this type by Winfield Scott Moody in *Scribner's Magazine*, 1906-07. *E. R. N., Stamford, Conn.*, says that anyone who liked "Quinney's" would love Moody's "The Pickwick Ladle" and Sedgwick's "The Nest," the latter out of print, and that to this list must be added Henry James's "Spoils of Poynton" and "The Outcry."

A village Shakespeare club of many years standing, says J. D. B., Ojai, Cal., Wishes to include Shakespeare's contemporaries in its next year's program, and asks for suggestions.

"GREAT Englishmen of the sixteenth century," by Sir Sidney Lee (Scribner), has studies of the characters and careers of Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, More, Raleigh, and Sidney, with a chapter on the spirit of the sixteenth century. The most important recent addition to the literature of this subject, however, is the record of the discoveries of Dr. J. Leslie Hotson concerning "The Death of Christopher Marlowe," lately published by the Harvard University Press. By research whose infinite pains were rewarded by extraordinary good fortune, Dr. Hotson has established the manner of the taking-off of "Christopher Morley" and brought to light not a little new to our world concerning his career. The monumental work of Dr. Edward H. Sugden, "A Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and his Fellow Dramatists" (Longmans) covers even more than the title indicates, in six hundred pages: there is nothing like it, although there have been efforts in this direction: it is one of those rare books that enlighten the young student and meet the approval of the scholar.

P. A. R., Schenectady, N. Y., asks for a beginner's book for chess.

THE simplest for the beginner is "Chess," by R. F. Green, published by Bell in England and to be obtained from the American Chess Co., 150 Nassau Street, N. Y. Staunton's "Chess Player's Manual" (Bell) covers the same ground in greater detail and would be valuable to more advanced students as well. This being one of the subjects recommended by readers of this department to the seeker after hobbies at Fortress Monro, I am reminded that "Elgy" asks me how did I "ever oevrlook Charles Taussig's fascinating book" on hobbies, and B. B., Hueneme, California, suggests designing scenery, costumes, and color schemes for model theatres, those tiny stages that play such a part with playwrights and provide so many grown-ups with priceless possibilities of play.

M. A. B., New York, is interested in lace crocheting.

"THE Craft of the Crochet Hook" and a more advanced manual, "Beautiful Crochet on Household Linen," both by Flora Klickman, are published by Stokes. I am assured by the best crocheter I know that the magazine "Needlecraft," an illustrated monthly published in Augusta, Maine, is useful to beginners as well as to the expert.

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Points of View

Mr. Nichols Adds

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I fear Mr. Thompson has not really pondered the inwardness of Mr. Bennett's remarks. "When a writer conceives an idea," says Mr. Bennett, "he conceives it in a form of words." Mr. Bennett is *not* talking about musicians or painters or dancers but about writers. There is a saying that the poet is born not made. What does it mean? It means that the poet possesses a special capacity—he *thinks* in a particular medium. "Have written verse," says Anatole France in Gesell's "Conversations," yet I am not a poet. I do not think in verse but in prose and I turn my prose into verse. "Real poets think in verse. That is the distinguishing sign." Similarly what distinguishes the writer from other artists is to think in words which are to be written down (the orator thinks in words but not in words to be written down). The vague feeling that precedes writing is common to many who cannot write, both artists and non-artists. (Hence Mr. Thompson's "therein lies the reason for the frequent saying 'that many people are true poets except for the gift of expression' ").

In so far as the writer can condense that vague feeling in words to be written down he is a writer. Why? Because for him as a *writer* such words are the only medium in which the vague feeling can condense, crystallize, and become explicit. Explicitness contains two elements—maximum accuracy and maximum suggestion (what is known as "the economy of art"). All art, like science, begins with measurement. Condensation is the flow toward explicitness and crystallization is a sort of self-measuring by registration. *We do not know*, as writers, *what we have, till we see it in the form of words* written in the mind or on the paper (for non-visualizers the "seeing" takes the form of saying over of *words*). And in the very process of this crystallization we measure by the logic of intuition the correspondence between what we have now from moment to moment and the general *whither* of the flow. The process is comparable to what we see on a cinema-screen in a "fade in" of a title, if the screen existed of itself and there was no projector and beam visible. At first we have a mist, then a vague something (accompanied by vague feeling), then a clearer something (which, if we combine several sorts of orbit in ourselves, we watch carefully to ascertain in what medium expression is going to take place), then (if the creator is a writer) *words* and finally phrases. The writer next looks at what is written (on paper or in his mind), measures it by the feeling he has of the *whitherward* and finds himself saying to the invisible attendant in the invisible projection-room (of the subconscious) "No" "Yes" "Not Quite" "satisfactory" "Try again please." Whereon the attendant at once or after a lapse, during which one takes one's eyes off the screen, bestirs himself and presently fades out some words, substitutes others, and adds others. Sometimes one tries to help him (one of the most distinguished authors alive—not Bennett—has Roget always at his elbow) by tentatively submitting words to the invisible attendant hoping either that he will recognize them as what—he—wants or that they will provoke in him more profitable activity. Whither does all this tend? Only to this fact as concerns the art of writing the idea does not exist for the writer or reader of writing until it is realized in words. And that is precisely why the writer is called a writer. Of course the same word does not have for all of us precisely the same connotations. But there is overlapping and it is on an instinct for overlapping, developed by practice and thought, that the writer's power largely depends. This comes under the heading "explicitness." And explicitness does not exist till condensation is far advanced and crystallization is begun.

Mr. Thompson asserts "Bacon makes a famous remark about books, which could be paragraphed like this: There are three kinds of books—one that needs only glancing through; another that needs reading; and a third that requires study. Flat and ugly as it is, this paraphase gives the *same idea*, an idea, to be sure that is commonplace and self evident enough. The difference lies in the expression. It is Bacon's *vivid metaphor* that makes his idea *memorable; it is his success with style apart from content* that has made that sentence one of the common quotations of our language" (my italics). Upon my soul I could hardly believe my eyes when I read this as the production of a self-confessed teacher of English literature. Let us look at what Bacon does say. He writes: ("Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few books to be chewed and digested." I contend that the ideas expressed are not the same because a greater explicitness has been achieved and explicitness consists of two elements: maximum accuracy and maximum suggestion. If the number of words in each sentence were identical (which they are not—Bacon using *less;* that is nineteen to Mr. Thompson's twenty-two) there would still exist an economy of art because Bacon's measurement is at once more accurate and more suggestive: in other words he *says nine.* And that form of words which says more than that form of words which says less, when the number of words is the same, is *not* identical in idea. Let us contrast the phrases that make up the sentences, "glancing through" is *not* the same as "tasted": for "tasted" is a more accurate description of turning the pages and trying here and there, asipping as-it-were (see how I cannot help going back to Bacon's metaphor) at the book, for if a book is glanced through the action is continuous (that is in the word "through") not intermittent and if the action is continuous it encroaches on the next category, is not a true picture of what takes place and is not therefore accurate. Secondly "tasted" is more suggestive for it implies relish or disrelish or indifference which "glancing through" does not. "Swallowed" is not the same as "needs reading." "Swallowed" means "taken as a whole" (see contrast of "chewed and digested"). It is thus more accurate than "needs reading"! It is also more suggestive in that it implies either casualness (as an oyster is swallowed, alas, only too easily) or effort (as a pill is swallowed, alas, only with a convulsive effort). "Requires study" is not as accurate as "chewed or digested" because we have two distinct processes indicated in the second (a) conscious mental attention and argument (b) unconscious assimilation (as opposed to one rather vaguely indicated process in the first). It is not as suggestive because as "chewed" implies labor, toughness, and pleasure or displeasure in that labor over the toughness so "digested" implies associations of time in the process and constitution in the man who digests. In no one case are the ideas identical (Mr. Thompson's "*same idea*") because Bacon's measurement of Bacon's whitherward is more exact than Mr. Thompson's. That is really what Mr. Thompson means by "*vivid metaphor*" making Bacon's idea "*memorable*": an idea with striking power never being the same as one without, since striking power depends on a sharp edge (accuracy) and volume behind it (association), the two elements of my "explicitness." Therefore as the despised Bennett remarks "You cannot say exactly the same thing in two different ways." Great writers are rare because the faculty to achieve explicitness in words is rare and implies not only a good projecting machine and a big supply of feeling flow (film) but a rare integrity of spirit, of that sort of spirit which won't let the invisible attendant alone till satisfied that its peculiar whitherward is getting on the screen.

Let me conclude—it is not Mr. Bennett or myself who are guilty of "false simplification" but those who, despising Bennett, do not think him out.

ROBERT NICHOLS.

Unfinished Novels

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In connection with your literary contest offering a substantial prize for the best ending to Conrad's unfinished novel "Suspense," it may be of interest to call attention to the "Bibliography of Unfinished Books in the English Language," an annotated volume of over 250 pages compiled by Albert R. Corns and Archibald Sparks, and published by Quaritch in London in 1915. Some additional titles appear also in the *Library Journal* for March 1st of this year (page 215).

A specific example of the study of an unfinished novel and efforts to complete it will be found in the World Classics edition of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" by Charles Dickens, published March 9th of this year by the American Branch of the Oxford University Press. A note at the end of this volume presents a summary of the various arguments that have developed and the conclusions that have been reached on the fate of Edwin Drood.

JOHN BOYNTON KAISER.
State University of Iowa.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ogy. Although the book is in no sense a lexicon of panaceas for ailing nerves and flesh, its usefulness as a source of helpful information for the average person is incalculable.

TRAVELING ON THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY. By CLEMENT G. LANNI. Rochester, N. Y.: Rochester Alliance Press, Inc. 1925.

We have a wealth of books that treat of American political mechanism in the general, but when we want to get down to cases, there is frequently no recourse but the newspaper files. It takes a book like Mr. Lanni's chronicle of five years of activity as a candidate and political worker in Rochester to remind the reader how little of our minor political history is ever written. Mr. Lanni blossomed out from beginnings on the Rochester *Herald* into an active politician of the local Democratic organization. Traveling with the minority party, he won no elective office, but he saw a good deal of the grinding of the mill, of the goings on that are neither taken down by stenographers nor embodied in memoirs by the close mouthed tribe of the Platts or Murphys. The political toilers that he met are depicted as neither devils nor Pinchots, but as normal, interesting, and purposeful, though sometimes crude and narrow, men. It seems as if they knew about as much of the psychology of the voter in the mass as the average fisherman knows of the mind of the black bass. He makes odd revelations of the antagonisms between political bedfellows, and the relative good feeling between leaders of opposite parties, who may sometimes even lend each other a hand. He quotes a New Jersey boss as having said of Woodrow Wilson in his political beginnings: "How the hell do I know if he'll make a good Governor? He'll make a good candidate, and that's all that interests me." Fitness for the office is, he finds, a minor consideration, practicality in politics consisting largely in not looking too far ahead. The book tells little that is new about the voter, but supplies some possibly valuable data on the mentality of the vote hunter.

EARLY CONNECTICUT ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN. By *Frederic Fairchild Sherman.* Privately printed (Frederic F. Sherman, 28 East 85th St., New York).

Philosophy

STUDIES IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF DAVID HUME. By *Charles W. Hendel.* Princeton University Press.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By *Edgar Sheffield Brightman.* Holt.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WITCHCRAFT. By *Ian Ferguson.* Appleton.

THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO. Translated by *B. Jowett.* Revised Edition. Oxford University Press. 5 vols. $25.

THE CRISIS IN PSYCHOLOGY. By *Hans Driesch.* Princeton University Press. $2.50 net.

THE ANATOMY OF NEGATION. By *Edgar Saltus.* Brentanos. $2.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By *Boyd Barrett.* Kenedy. $2.75.

WHAT I BELIEVE. By *Bertrand Russell.* Dutton. $1.

THE WISDOM OF THE HEBREWS. By *Brian Brown.* Brentanos. $2.50.

Poetry

THE GAMUT OF LOVE. By *Wladimir Ladovitch.* Washington, D. C. (Brentano's. $2.50.)

SONATA AND OTHER POEMS. By *John Erskine.* Duffield. $1.25 net.

VOICES OF THE STONES. By *A. E. Macmillan.* $1.50.

Religion

THE FARMER'S CHURCH. By *Warren H. Wilson.* Century. $2.

THE MAN JESUS CHRIST. By *W. J. Dawson.* Century. $3.

EMPTY CHURCHES. By *Charles Josiah Galpin.* Century. $1.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP. By *John Bigelow.* New York: The New Church Press. $1.50.

THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT. By *Francis Greenwood Peabody.* Macmillan. $2.

THE LIFE AFTER DEATH IN OCEANIA AND THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO. By *Rosalind Moss.* Oxford University Press. $4.70.

FIGURES OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD. By *Gabriel Miró.* Translated by *C. J. Hogarth.* Knopf. $3.50 net

THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST. Edited by *F. Max Müller.* Vol. X. Part I. Second Edition. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE PROPHETS AND THEIR TIMES. By *J. M. Powis Smith.* University of Chicago Press. $2.25.

THE CONCEPTION OF EVOLUTION. By *H. W. B. Joseph.* Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

Science

CONCERNING THE NATURE OF THINGS. By *Sir William Bragg.* Harpers. $3.

THE FORMS AND MOTIONS OF THE SOLAR PROMINENCES. By *Edison Pettit.* University of Chicago Press.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION. By *Louis Berman.* Century. $2.50.

PHYSICO-CHEMICAL EVOLUTION. By *Charles E. Guye.* Translated by *J. C. Clarke.* Dutton. $2.40.

Sociology

THE ENVIRONMENTAL BASIS OF SOCIETY. By *Franklin Thomas.* Century. $3.

THE VANISHING TRIBES OF KENYA. By *Major G. St. J. Orde Browne.* Lippincott.

Travel

VISTAS IN SICILY. By ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS. McBride. 1925. $2.50.

Mr. Riggs, like all visitors to Sicily, finds it difficult to cope with the beauty of that land of magnificent scenery and impressive ruins. His book is a pleasantly discursive account of the towns and objects embraced in the itinerary of the general traveller, but, as nine books out of ten must, it fails to convey the splendor of a country that by the very nature of its superb panoroma and glamorous past renders description a hazardous enterprise. It does contain, however, some accurate portrayal of the sights that elicit the interest or admiration of the traveller, and enough of historical allusion to afford a slight background for their depiction.

SPANISH WATERS. By HENRY REYNOLDS. Boston: Lauriat. 1925. $4.50.

This book is written in diary form, a difficult *genre* even in the hands of genius. And Mr. Reynolds, its author, is simply a nice, kindly, elderly person with a love for boats and cruising. On every page the book bears the imprint of a pedantic and heavy-footed culture. Poetic quotations in Latin, French, and English are dragged in upon the flimsiest pretexts.

In support of this criticism here are a group of examples at random:

"The weather of August 1912 was execrable. Its only change was from bad to worse. The barometer remained persistently low, and on the few occasions when it rose above 30, it tumbled back in hot haste, as though dizzied by the height of its ascent. All our worst blows followed a comparatively high barometer. The constant wet was heart breaking. One's usual remark in France was '*Encore la pluie!*' To which came the prompt and invariable reply, '*De la plute toujours.*' The poet indeed sings:

It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.
—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"But to ordinary folk, after three fine days in a month such a depth of resignation is beyond attainment."

Another random quotation from "Spanish Waters" reads thus:

"In the cabin the A. G., losing his balance, pitched head foremost to leeward, and cut the top of his cranium deeply by violent contact with a longitudinal beam. . . . A few moments later, pulling himself together he quoted the lines of Henley:

In the fell grip of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

and relieved our minds of the fear we had felt of serious injury."

Of such is "Spanish Waters." But the author is, I repeat, a nice, kindly man, who has roamed the seas for more than forty years in small craft dependent for their movements upon canvas alone. He loves his boats and his cruises. Perhaps a reader [illegible] nusiasms might enjoy the chron- [illegible] "Spanish Waters."

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

ANOTHER "FINE" "KASIDAH."

IN a recent issue we called attention to the fact that Mr. Knopf's edition of Burton's "The Kasidah" was not entitled to rank earlier than the third "fine" "Kasidah." It now appears that another edition is entitled to the third place.

In 1919 the Book Club of California printed an edition of 500 copies and from an artistic standpoint it is one of the most successful publications the club has ever published. It is a royal quarto, printed on French hand-made paper, set in Caslon old style by hand, bound in French hand-made marbled paper with antique vellum back; it came from the press of John Henry Nash of San Francisco.

The club sent a copy to T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, founder of the Doves Press, who replied to the president of the club as follows:

"Many thanks indeed for "The Kasidah" just received. I have admired it within and without and now turn with gratitude and delight to thank you for it. The line is a long one and obliges a big book, not too easy to hold in the hand—but for that Burton is responsible. It can though, and should be, placed on a rest, and be held by the eye alone, as page after page is leisurely turned by the waiting and disengaged hand. The book itself is beautifully printed and built up. The title page is very beautiful, beautifully balanced and enriched with color and design, and I have nothing but thanks to offer you for your kindness in permitting me to see and to possess it. I shall often turn to it for pleasure and remembrance—for I knew Sir Richard Burton—and as I turn it the earlier and later years will come together and make one perfect whole."

The Knopf edition it now appears is not the first, second, or third "fine" American edition. But nevertheless it is a beautiful book and the poem is worthy of all the "fine" editions the publishers care to make of it.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF D. H. LAWRENCE

THE sixth volume in the series of Centaur Bibliographies and the first of an English author, "A Bibliography of the Writings of D. H. Lawrence" by Edward McDonald, with a foreword by D. H. Lawrence, has just been published by the Centaur Book Shop. Like its predecessors in the same series, it is a well proportioned 12 mo, fine typographically, and bound in blue boards with linen back and with paper back and side labels. The author contributes a foreword under the title "The Bad Side of Books." The opening section contains collations of the first issues of Mr. Lawrence's books, twenty-seven in all. Among these collations is that of "Movements in European History," a book written under the *nom de plume* of Lawrence H. Davison, and never before attributed to the real author. Many of these collations are followed by notes, some discussing bibliographical points which could not be adequately covered in the more technical descriptions of the books; others estimate the relative scarcity of the various items, or give information about interesting editions after the first; and a few are critical. Since ten of Mr. Lawrence's books were first published in this country, some consistent method had to be found for ranking the American "firsts" of an English author. The plan adopted was to list the first publication, regardless of place of publication, as the real first edition of that book. All of the first English editions, however, are fully described, even though some of them appeared months after the corresponding American edition. The other sections are: Translation; Contributions to Books, Contributions to Periodicals; Studies and Reviews of the author's writings. This bibliography, like the others in the same series, shows the greatest care in the treatment of every detail, both editorially and typographically. Its compiler, Mr. McDonald, and its publisher, the Centaur Book Shop of Philadelphia, are both entitled to great credit for it.

BOSWELL'S NOTEBOOK

THE Oxford University Press has just published "Boswell's Notebook, 1776-1777, Recording Particulars of Johnson's Early Life," a fragment of the rich collection of material out of which Boswell wrote his immortal biography. Even these notes had a narrow escape from destruction, a fate which befell the remainder of the material. After his autographic notes—written out in full and with the greatest care—had served their purpose, Boswell carefully preserved them for posterity, perhaps regarding them as proof of industry and care in gathering the material for his great work. These manuscript notes he gave by request to three executors, who paid no attention whatever to them, simply returning them to the Boswell family, who, in turn, regarding them as worthless, promptly destroyed them. By accident some original letters, memoranda and this notebook escaped destruction. After passing through several unappreciative hands, the notebook came into the possession of an American collector, R. B. Adam of Buffalo, and is now owned by R. B. Adam, 2nd, with whose permission it has now been published. The "Notebook" contains no new material but it shows the deliberate method Boswell used in gathering his material, and it seems surpassingly strange that such a collection, used in writing the greatest biography in English literature, should have been so lightly regarded, especially by the author's own family.

AUTHORS FIRST EDITIONS WANTED

THE June record of first editions of American and English authors wanted compiled from the advertisements in the *Publishers Weekly* again gives James Branch Cabell first place. Among the nineteenth century authors there appears to be a fairly general demand for the first editions of Poe, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, and Whitman. There has been a steady demand for Amy Lowell's "Keats" since the first edition was exhausted. The ten names at the head of the *Publishers' Weekly* list are James Branch Cabell, Edith Wharton, William McFee, Edgar Allan Poe, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Joel Chandler Harris, James Joyce, Bret Harte, and Max Beerbohm.

The ten names at the head of the *Bookman's Journal* monthly analysis compiled from the desirerata of second hand booksellers appearing in various papers in England, reported for the four weeks ending May 16, and appearing in the June issue, are Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Trollope, A. A. Milne, Joseph Conrad, Sir J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy, Thomas Hardy, Norman Douglas, George Moore, and Charles Dickens.

The interest in the first editions of the authors of our own time, among the younger collectors, both in England and America, seems to be well considered and well maintained.

NOTE AND COMMENT—

JOHN LANE of London has just published "The Uncollected Work of Aubrey Beardsley."

⁂

The Golden Cockeral Press has just issued three limited editions: "Sonnets, with Folk Songs from the Spanish," by Havelock Ellis; "Sonnets and Verses," by Enid Clay with wood engravings by Eric Gill; and "Pictor Ignotus, Fra Lippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto," by Robert Browning.

A new volume of interest to collectors will be "Edgar Allan Poe Letters" edited and with an introduction and commentary by Mary Newton Standard, to be published in the Fall by J. B. Lippincott Company. It is said that it will throw new light on the two years army service of Poe and his quarrels with his foster father.

⁂

The Amherst Papers—the original records preserved by the first Baron Amherst of the events eighteen years prior to the War of Independence until seven years after—have been presented to the British War Office by the present Earl Amherst. These papers have been examined from 1758 and 1799 and it is said that they throw much light on the military campaigns in America, including the fall of Quebec, and the capitulation of Canada. They consist chiefly of correspondence between Lord Amherst, the governors of the British Colonies, the military commanders, Admiral Rodney and General Wolfe, and the military governors of Quebec and Montreal. The number of these letters and documents has been placed as high as 50,000.

The Salad Bowl

Is there a limit? This is the perplexing question the more modest citizenry of Coney Island is asking today. The usually cynical newspaper reporter, civic workers and clergymen, to say nothing of the hardened patrolmen, are shocked at the manner in which many of the women of Coney Island prowl about the streets from sunrise to sunset. They wear next to nothing. Indeed, only a Ben Hecht could adequately portray their immodesty.

—*Coney Island Times.*

⁂

Waste not your precious youth in industry. America is too rich already. She lacks most of those things that come to idle men. Satan finds work for busy hands to do. . . . All great things have happened while the crops went wrong. Abraham Lincoln went into the White House carrying the debts of his youth. Scotland knows how wretched a farmer was Robert Burns, the poet of the plough for all time.

—Vachel Lindsay, *War Bulletin Number* 3 (1909).

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GENERAL ITEMS

BOOKS REVIEWED in this issue sent post free anywhere. Special attention to kinsprits. Greenwich Village Book Shop, 4 Christopher St., New York City. Spring 8416.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1203 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS. The Holliday Bookshop, 10 West 47th St., New York.

SABATINI'S LOVE AT ARMS, BARDLEYS THE MAGNIFICENT, each $1.50. GOTHAM BOOK MART, 51 West 47th Street (Bryant 5812).

SEUTONIUS' "Lives of Caesars," $4.75; Ovid's "Lovers Handbook," $2.75. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th Street (Bryant 5812).

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The Phoenix Nest

BUCKY HARRIS, manager of the champion Washington "Senators," is bright and breezy in "Baseball: How to Play It," and we'll lay a good bet that, by hook or by crook, most all Young America gets hold of this book! * * * *Louis Bromfield* has been digging radishes on Long Island and has finished his new novel "Possession," to be published in the Fall. * * * *Leonard Cline* has been literary editor first of the literary pages of the *Detroit News* and, more recently, of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, and now his first novel, "God Head," will appear in October. * * * Four little books of skits and absurdities by *A. A. Milne*, author of "When We Were Very Young," have been rescued from the files of *Punch* and published by Dutton. * * * *Barry Benefield's* "The Chicken-Wagon Family" is coming in the Autumn. This column is a constant booster for Barry. His short stories are always above the average and we'll bet his longer story is well worth your two bucks. * * * You can now get numbers 1 to 24 of *The Lark*, together with No. 25, *The Epi-Lark* (the complete set in two volumes as issued), from *C. Gerhardt*, bookseller, 25 West 42nd Street.

* * * Believe us, if we had the necessary fifty dollars loose for the purchase, we'd snap up this item. * * * Back in '95-'97, in the golden city of San Francisco, *Gelett Burgess* edited and *William Doxey* published this most remarkable of all little monthly magazines. It was the American counterpart of the English *Yellow Book*, only much more sprightly. "Les jeunes" of the Golden Gate made it their vehicle; there the Goops first flourished and The Purple Cow put forth its conscious horn. * * * Autographs of contributors to *The Lark* are inserted in both volumes. * * * And who remembers the *Lark* posters, of which we used to possess several,—the beautiful piping Pan, the lady with the hennin and the inquisitive infant, and the worm's eye view of the tree-tops with the lark poised in the interspace? * * * Ah, those were the great days of the poster! * * * We have now certainly got to read "Replenishing Jessica," since it has so carefully been called to our attention. *Maxwell Bodenheim* has written some remarkable poetry, and we enjoyed his novel "Blackguard" very much indeed. * * * The latest of the Centaur Bibliographies has been prepared by *Edward D. McDonald* on the work of *D. H. Lawrence*. Lawrence has written his own foreword. * * * It is a delightful foreword. The visions conjured up of Messrs Heineman and Methuen are delicious.

Later, William Heinemann said he thought "Sons and Lovers" one of the dirtiest books he had ever read. He refused to publish it,—I should not have thought the deceased gentleman's reading had ben so circumspectly narrow.

* * * Lawrence wrote his foreword "sitting under a little cedar tree at the foot of the Rockies," and the conclusion of it contains this excellent truth:

To the vast public, this autumn morning is only a sort of stage background against which they can display their own mechanical importance. But to some men still the trees stand up and look around at the daylight, having woven the two ends of darkness together into visible being and presence. And soon, they will let go the two ends of the darkness again, and disappear. A flower laughs once, and having had his laugh, chuckles off into seed, and is gone. Whence? Whither? Who knows, who cares? That little laugh of achieved being is all.

So it is with books. To every man who struggles with his own soul in mystery a book that is a book flowers once, and seeds, and is gone. First editions or forty-first are only the husks of it.

* * * We learn an interesting fact from this bibliography, namely that under the name of "*Lawrence H. Davison*," Lawrence wrote "Movements in European History," published by Humphrey Milford at the Oxford Press in 1921. In effect, this is an elementary textbook on the history of continental Europe from the beginning of the Christian era to the unification of Germany. It is "written with spirit and can be read with pleasure." Next Spring, probably, Thomas Seltzer will bring it out in America, with Mr. Lawrence's authorship acknowledged. * * * The Oxford University Press has just put forth "Windows of Night," by *Charles Williams*, a beautiful book of oddly arresting poems by a remarkable English poet. Mr. Williams is a Catholic, and like the best Catholic poetry his verse possesses a haunting magic. But also it often has a quizzical turn all its own and a decided originality of idea. * * * On August 15th *Pascal Covici* of Chicago will publish "The Life of *Edgar Saltus*," by his wife, *Marie Saltus*, an intimate revelation of an exotic genius. * * * Saltus's "Victor Hugo" and "Golgotha" will also be ready in August in a limited edition. These are hitherto unpublished essays. * * * The same publisher calls our attention to the September publication of hitherto unpublished material on *George Washington*, under the title "George Washington, in Love and Otherwise," by *Eugene E. Prussing*. In this book Washington's ten years of hopeless love for the wife of his neighbor and best friend, namely the beautiful Sally Carey Fairfax, are discoursed upon. In all of which we seem to hear the rustling of an old scandal. * * * Which is rather a pity. * * * With this, we were going to call it a day. Except that at that very moment "Flowings," a book of poems by *Phillips Russell*, was thrust at us, with an inclosed letter that bade us "kindly note that the author is American and not English." * * * We greatly admire the scehma of this choice volume. Each poem (a page to a poem) has its page perforated along the edge. A printed note inside the cover gives the reason:

To the reader it is suggested that those poems which he does not care for may be detached along the perforated line and discarded. Rarely is there more than one poem in any one volume which one wishes permanently to preserve. The rest may be handed to friends whose tastes are different, or to any convenient person.

* * * We have deeply pondered that phrase, "any convenient person," and have finally partially solved the problem by detaching this particular poem for the man who cleans the windows:

EFFICIENCY

From far I heard the newsboys shouting
A government had fallen.
Somewhere a telephone's taut bell teased and iterated.
Yet there I stood
and watched the ripples
chase themselves
across a pail of water.

* * * Ah, dear, it's a great life!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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